

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

HUNDREDTH YEAR

1926

SEPTEMBER 2



*Photograph by Charles E. Darling*

## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

In this Issue •• Stories by Jonathan Brooks, Denison Clift, David Loraine  
and Arthur Floyd Henderson, Alice Dyar Russell, and Arthur Stanwood Pier

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## Things We Talk About



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SOME OF OUR READERS may have seen, in the New York Times of July 28, 1926, the disturbing news that the schooner Morrissey, carrying David Binney Putnam and the older members of the American Museum of Natural History Greenland Expedition, had run on a submerged rock in Whale Sound and was sticking there with her stern high in air, and most of the keel carried away.

Such a disaster in high latitudes might mean the loss of the crew and the ship. Not far from this Greenland reef, as Lieutenant Commander Fitzhugh Green, U. S. N., points out, is the stone hut in which nearly a score of General Greely's brave men died, while just south is the zone of swirling tide and ice in which the schooner Cluett was caught eleven years ago, and forced to winter with her side stove in. The Cluett's crew, of which he was a member, feared scurvy from too free use of canned foods and went on an Eskimo diet of tough walrus meat and rancid old seal.

Despite the wonderful seamanship of Captain "Bob" Bartlett of the Morrissey, who had brought other ships out of equally grave danger in the Arctic, grave fears were entertained in The Youth's Companion office for the safety of David and the other explorers. Then, not many hours after the anxiety began, a radiogram from David was relayed to Boston from New York. It reads:

GREETINGS COMPANION READERS. MORRISSEY NOW LIMPING BACK TO UPERNIVIK FOR REPAIRS. NARROW ESCAPE. WORST OF IT IS I LIKE IT.  
DAVID

In that message breathes the spirit of Froisher, who fought the ice in that very neighborhood in his small cockleshell of a vessel, almost four hundred years ago; the spirit of Peary and Amundsen and Byrd and every other adventurer who has come smiling through perils, in high latitudes and low.

What a wonderful story David will have to tell us, when he comes safely home!

WHEN MRS. W. W. ALLISON, of North Olmsted, Ohio, made her suggestion, several months ago in this column, for one regular family meeting a week, to be known as "Youth's Companion Night," she could hardly have foreseen the wonderful letters it would cause to be written, from readers all over America. For instance, here is one from Mr. Alfred T. Cutler, of Salt Lake City, a son of one of the farsighted pioneers who developed the State of Utah: "The Youth's Companion," he says, "contains the few short stories that I personally enjoy reading, and I am happy to say that this has been my pleasure for twenty-five years; now that I have my own children, it is our family magazine and is invariably read so that all may hear. One factor of great influence with young people is what we call 'Home Night.' One night a week is set aside when every member of the family is expected to remain at home.

"One member in turn conducts the meeting, which is opened with song, all participating. The children's wages, or allowances, are then paid, and a certain amount of each is added to each child's savings account. Each member is then called upon to take part in entertaining. A song, recitation, reading or some performance is expected from each one. In our home The Companion is read at this time. A Bible story is told or read, and the coming week's work is discussed. Then games, in which all can join, are played, and a little refreshment is served. At the close of the evening we kneel in prayer, and the family is ready for bed. This has been practiced in many Utah homes almost since the arrival of the pioneers, and it is a matter of record that where it has been consistently followed few if any children from these homes have gone astray."

FROM MRS. JOSEPHINE H. COFFEEN of Admire, Kan., always a charming correspondent, comes a letter on a different subject. "I am glad to give you my opinion of your new plans for girl readers," she writes. "I am much pleased with the Fashion Fête for home dressmakers. I hope your coming club for girls will take in the ten-

year-olds; my Ellen will be ten in October. Three years ago I held a summer sewing class for a group of Sunday-school girls. Having had ten years' experience as a dressmaker, before taking up teaching, I found this work doubly interesting. This plan of supervised summer activities worked out finely, and materially increased our Sunday-school attendance. I had one eleven-year-old in that class. She derived as much benefit as any other girl from the class work, and to my amusement she refused to learn on doll clothes. I am hoping that some of these younger girls will enter the Fashion Fête. I inclose a list of my sewing-class girls, in families; if their names are not already on your subscription list, they might respond on receipt of a marked sample copy."

Friends of The Youth's Companion who do us kind favors of this kind will always receive a substantial evidence of our appreciation. For The Youth's Companion subscription list is one great family of hundreds of thousands of people. Seldom, indeed, do we print in this column a letter from a reader without hearing at once from his or her kinsfolk in other towns and states. It is but natural that present subscribers should care to add their friends and relatives to the list, and that we should try to show in a tangible way our thanks for the favor.

NOT ONLY ARE THE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY letters coming in like an avalanche, but a great many people are putting pleasant little notes, like the following, on the order blanks they use in renewing their subscriptions. "My grandfather," writes Mr. A. B. Haven, of Santa Ana, Calif., "was a subscriber to The Companion at least sixty years ago and it has been constantly in the family ever since. We too wish to add our word of appreciation of the cleanest and most desirable paper published, and also our word of testimony to its value in character building."

MISS ALICE C. SPAULDING, of Plymouth, N. H., is another who looks back to a long, long term of happiness with The Youth's Companion. "I have been a constant subscriber for over fifty years," she writes, "as my father ordered it sent in the name of his first baby. I lived during my childhood on a backwoods farm, and The Companion meant much in the lives of all our family. During my years as a public-school teacher I have had it with me in the school room, knowing that its constant high standards made it an inspiration to the young people. Good luck to The Companion always."

AND MISS JESSIE M. PARKER, of Fort Worth, Tex., writes: "Dear Companion of my youth, can it be that you are one hundred years old? To me you are as young and fresh as you were when you brought joy to a lonely child, more than forty years ago, on the plains of Kansas. A kind neighbor forty miles away saved you up, and delivered you at intervals at my door in generous quantities. I wish she might know that her kindness is still remembered. Dear Companion, long may you live to bring pure joy and instruction to youth."

Any man or woman who wishes to do an act of kindness that will be long remembered can easily arrange to have The Companion sent to any boy or girl who would be happier for its coming. Merely send \$2.00 to the Subscription Department of The Youth's Companion, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass., with the name and address of the boy or girl to whom The Companion should be sent.

ONLY A WEEK OR TWO AGO, we remarked with pleasure that the number of leading stories—short stories and serials—had been increased from three a week to four. And that was a step forward. But here, this week, is a longer step. The present Companion contains four additional pages, and there are five full-length stories, and a larger share of the Miscellany and Current Events departments. This can be taken as an omen of the still larger issues you will have in the near future, when the very large and special Hundredth Anniversary Numbers will be the largest in The Companion's whole history.

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The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.



# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 100

NUMBER 35

**P**REPARE to go to Denver meeting Billy there at Palace Hotel forenoon June 10 stop check to cover expense reaches you special delivery tomorrow Armstrong."

Jimmy Byers, graduate of Lockerbie Military Academy, at home in Wisconsin for the summer, read the telegram again. His head was still in a whirl. He knew that big business men act with decision, but none of them had ever acted in his direction before. Yet here was the story, cramped up in a telegram, and his destiny seemed to be ordered.

"At home" for Jimmy meant that he was visiting with an aunt, the sister of his father who had died in military service in the Philippines. The prospect seemed none too pleasant, although Aunt Martha tried to make him feel at home. She had three small children of her own, however, and the home was crowded. Her husband had welcomed Jimmy and offered to use him in his drug store during the summer.

But Jimmy, unwilling to be an extra burden, welcomed an inquiring letter from William J. Armstrong, of New York City, head of the great Universal Metal Corporation. Mr. Armstrong, father of Jimmy's Lockerbie chum, Billy Armstrong, wished to know whether Jimmy could work for him in Colorado.

"Until time for Jordan University to open, when you will show them you are entitled to the scholarship they have awarded you," wrote Mr. Armstrong, "you might like to work on a power plant our company is building to serve our lead mines. The pay is not high, about twenty-two dollars a week, I should say, but it costs little to live. You could save money and at the same time learn something about the electric-power business and the lead mines. The work would put you in good trim. And I would be glad to have you, because the town where we are building the plant is small, and labor is scarce.

"And finally, if I must argue with you, Billy will go out there to work, too, if you will go. I'm anxious for him to learn the business from the ground up, and it would do you no harm. Let me know if the job appeals to you, and if it does I'll have your expenses paid to and from Colorado."

Jimmy knew that wheat farmers and other Western people paid the traveling expenses of summer workers and, seeing Mr. Armstrong's statement that labor was scarce, took no offense at Mr. Armstrong's offer. He knew he could save little money working in his uncle's drug store, especially since he was determined to pay board, and, after talking it over with Aunt Martha, decided to take the job.

"It will be fun to see Billy again," he told his aunt, who was glad to know he would be with a friend. "But I wish Les Moore could be out there, too."

"Who is Les Moore?" she asked.

"I roomed with him two years at Lockerbie," Jimmy explained. "He lives in Cleveland. We were buddies, and Billy hooked up with us."

Two days after he wrote to Mr. Armstrong, the telegram came and startled Jimmy out of his vague dream of mountains and mines and power plants into activity. He sorted out and boxed his effects, including most of the Lockerbie books. Under his aunt's direction, he stored the things that had belonged to his father, saving out to keep with him only the Major's shoulder insignia. The next day the special-delivery letter came with the check, and Jimmy cashed it to buy his railroad ticket.

Changing trains in the hustle of Chicago was an old story for Jimmy, but when he awoke and looked out of the window to glimpse the great, wide-rolling fields of Iowa he breathed a deep thrill. All day long he stared out the Pullman windows. At Omaha he got out and walked around while the train waited. In the afternoon he studied the country along the Platte River and wondered why more people were not living out there on the black soil. That night, waking now and then, he heard the engine puffing and snorting with increasing gusto, and realized the train must be climbing into the foothills of the Rockies.

Up early in the morning, he sat in the smoker and gazed out at the distant peaks,

## All in the Day's Work

By JONATHAN BROOKS

Illustrated by GEORGE AVISON



drinking in the scenery with wonderment at its grandeur. He decided not to eat on the train, but to have breakfast at the Palace Hotel. And half an hour after the train pulled into the station in Denver he was glad he had so decided. He sent his baggage to the hotel, and walked there himself, anxious to breathe the mountain atmosphere and get the heavy air of the train out of his lungs. The walk tantalized him, for his attention was torn from the Indian curio shops to the peaks on the horizon. There were too many new things to see, all at once.

At the hotel he found the dining-room, checked his cap and entered, only to be snatched out of the head waiter's grasp by two laughing, fairly shouting boys.

"Why, Les Moore, you big tramp!" exclaimed Jimmy. "How'd you get here? Hello, Billy! Why didn't you tell me we'd be three instead of two?"

"Didn't know I was coming myself, until—" Les began.

"I stopped off in Cleveland and kidnapped him," laughed Billy.

"Yeah, but I couldn't have come if your dad hadn't called up my folks by long distance the night before," Les retorted.

"C'mon, sit down and eat," said Billy.

"I'm not all cluttered up with a lot of folks," Jimmy grinned, wryly. "So when I got a telegram and a check I just lit out."

"Kind of a trip d'yuh have?" asked Billy and Les at once.

"Oh," and Jimmy shrugged his shoulders, "all in the day's work."

"Liar," said Les.

"I'll bet he got a bigger kick out of it than we did," declared Billy.

Their hilarious reunion drew smiles from the older people in the dining-room, but they carried on their chatter as if back in Les and Jimmy's room.

"By jing, I'm glad I came," said Jimmy. "Wouldn't have come if Billy hadn't; but

now Les is here, carrying the hod won't be bad at all."

"Three musketeers," said Les. "Three ditch-diggers, more likely," Jimmy grinned.

THEY spent the day sight-seeing 'n Denver, pooling resources to charter a flivver so they could see everything in the one day. The only train to Armstrong, the little town to which they were going, was a night train. "Because the railroad runs around such narrow places on the sides of mountains, people would be afraid to ride in the daytime," Billy explained.

That night they boarded a little train with one Pullman and, after sitting up late to talk, went to bed. Jimmy tried to stay awake in his berth long enough to see some of the scary scenes mentioned by Billy, but finally fell asleep. When he awoke in the morning the car was standing still, and he raised his blind to look out and found that the train had reached Armstrong. That was all he could see, for beyond a few houses rose the blank side of a mountain.

"Ever been here before, Billy?" asked Jimmy.

"No, but Dad told me to hunt up a Mr. McGuire, at the power plant."

They found a restaurant around the corner from the station and ate a hearty breakfast. Then, leaving their baggage at the station, they went in search of the plant. Mr. McGuire, a busy big man in overalls, was not hard to find. Anybody could have told he was the boss. He paused in his scrutiny of blue prints to talk to them.

"Mr. Armstrong said we were to report to you for work," said Billy. "And you'd have work for us to do."

"Who are you?" asked McGuire, a twinkle in his eye.

"I'm Les Moore," spoke up Les.

"Jimmy Byers," said Jimmy.

"Billy Thomas," said Billy, winking at Jimmy and Les.

"Ar-re ye now?" queried McGuire, quizzically, in a brogue as Irish as his name. He stared at Billy an instant and seemed to be laughing to himself. "But ye didn't think ye could come to work like that, did ye? No office jobs here."

"If you'll tell us where we can get rooms, we'll go change clothes and be back in a little while," said Jimmy.

"Go right at it, hey?" mused McGuire. "That's the stuff. Go back in town, on that street runnin' down to the day-po, and about a block along ask where Mrs. Bierman lives. Tell her yuh want rooms and board, and don't agree to pay more th'n eight dollarrs. Then come back, and we'll get busy."

"Yes, sir," said the three boys together, and off they went.

ON first inspection of the rooms Mrs. Bierman had to offer, the boys were disappointed. The rooms were small, and so were the beds. They looked hard and uncomfortable, and the surroundings were such that they did not anticipate their meals with any too much pleasure. But when they returned in the evening, the place was as inviting as a palace of rest and relaxation. Three wearier, more worn boys probably never lived. For McGuire had put them to work shoveling dirt for a fill-in behind a stone wall that served as a dam against Little Rocky River, and in their first enthusiasm they had staged a contest to see who could shovel the most dirt. Backs were sore, hands were blistered, stomachs empty, eyes aching.

They ate a big meal of Mrs. Bierman's steak with onions and potatoes and decided to go downtown. But they got no farther than the front porch.

"Saay, I'm too dog-gone tired to go anywhere," protested Les Moore. "I'm going to sit right down here about five minutes, and then I for one am going to hit the hay."

They all sat down on the edge of the porch. "Why did you tell Mr. McGuire your name was Thomas?" Jimmy asked Billy.

"Think I was going to tell him Armstrong and have him know I was Dad's son, and entitled to a lot of babying around?" demanded Billy, indignantly.

"So you kidded him?" Jimmy grinned.

*"Don't get funny with me," growled the burly fellow and made a threatening move toward Jimmy. The boy dodged, leaning over his wheelbarrow*

"Yeah, like Lee kidded Grant," yelled Les Moore, breaking into a loud laugh.

"Oh, well—" began Billy.

"But I'll bet McGuire never tells a soul who you are," said Jimmy.

And McGuire did not. The big Irishman appreciated Billy's desire to be spared any favors. If anything, he went to the other extreme and seemed to push Billy and his two buddies to the limit. They worked as common laborers, and they worked hard. When their own spirits lagged, or their muscles were weary, McGuire was there to see that they gave a little more. But he was fair to them and, when he had time, talked to them about the job.

"Where are the lead mines?" Jimmy asked him one day at lunch time.

"Oh, up the river, and in around the mountains back there," said McGuire.

"Then why build a power plant down here?" asked Jimmy.

"Well, yuh see, yuh can't make electric power unless y've got water," McGuire explained. "F'r steam, and so on. This the only place where there's enough water."

"Yes, but how does this help the mines?"

"Next summer we'll build high lines and carry the current to all of them," said the foreman. "Meantime, we'll sell power to the people here in town."

"Great stuff for them," said Jimmy.

"Yeah, but d'yuh think they appreciate it?" McGuire grunted. "Not them. They're sore on the plant, even if it does make business better for the mines, and so for the town. They think we're robbin' them of their water and won't believe us when we tell 'em we put back all the water we take out. And the town people have built up a sort of a feud against us. Several of the boys have been ganged."

JIMMY and Les and Billy found out for themselves that the townspeople were unfriendly, for small boys jeered at them on Sundays and hooted at them evenings if they stirred away from Mrs. Bierman's in the direction of the town's only motion-picture house. Most of the workmen on the plant, about twenty in number, were from out of town, and they roomed and boarded in the neighborhood of Mrs. Bierman's. They kept to themselves, under McGuire's direction, that they should have no open trouble. Outbreaks were few, but the boys at the plant felt the resentment of the townspeople keenly. It served to drive them together and make them more friendly among themselves, developing a spirit that helped the work.

The "three musketeers," or ditch-diggers, as Jimmy had renamed them, encountered a lively manifestation of the town's enmity, and the experience resulted in Jimmy's making a warm enemy for himself. The story of this encounter is the story of the summer's work at Armstrong.

"Boys," said McGuire to them one morning when they had been on the job only a short time, "any of you play baseball?"

"Oughta be big leaguers," grinned Les Moore. "Any baseball you want played?"

"Well, the town-folks have challenged us to a ball game some Saturday," explained McGuire, "and I told old Tom Casey to round up a club. He used to ketch in some league or other, and if he ain't too old he c'n still ketch. We can't back down in front of these people, so we'll just give 'em a game if I have to play myself, which I ain't done for twenty years."

"We've all played at school," said Jimmy.

The three boys, enlisting with Casey, helped to round out a baseball nine. After some practice sessions, it was agreed Jimmy should play shortstop, Les first base instead of catcher, which he had played at Lockerbie, and that Billy should pitch. Casey, a veteran of the game, took Billy in hand and taught him some valuable things about pitching. They worked out evenings in a lot between the plant and a wall of rock coming down from the mountain.

"But where'll we find a level place big enough for the old ball game?" the boys asked one another.

One Saturday afternoon the players gathered at Mrs. Bierman's and, escorted by all the other workmen from the plant, proceeded in search of the town's baseball field. They found the field in a bend of the river, with the railroad and the river on one side and a big hill rising on the other. They also found a crowd which, considering the size of Armstrong, amounted to a huge gathering.

The crowd applauded the home boys while they practiced afield, and when the line-up from the power plant went out for

fielding practice jeered and derided them. But old Tom Casey, experienced with hostile sport crowds, counseled his players to attend to their own affairs and refrain from talking back to the crowd. By word and example, he kept them calm for the battle. His friends from the plant, however, argued and chaffed with the townsmen, and even bet with them on the outcome of the game.

Jimmy, Les and Billy, new to this angle of the national game, were somewhat nervous. But old Tom Casey reassured them.

"Never mind all this stuff, boys," he said, as they collected for a moment before starting the game. "Play the game, and we'll be all right. But just one thing: keep your eye on this pitcher. He's wild, and he's got a mean streak. Just as soon bean yuh as not. Mebbe, a little rather. Let's go. Pitch to me, Billy, old boy."

So the game began. Partly because the diamond was a little rough and ground balls hard to handle, the town boys gathered three runs in their half of the first. Armstrong fans proclaimed the game a runaway



Jimmy cracked the first ball pitched for another single

and renewed their jeering. Jimmy, batting as lead-off man, opened the fourth inning with a hit, the first clean single off Jacobs, the burly mountaineer pitching for Armstrong. Shorty Olson, the power-plant second baseman, moved him along with a sacrifice, and then big Les Moore smashed a solid two-bagger to left center, scoring Jimmy. The next two hitters could not help Les, and the score stood 3 to 1.

Jacobs, pitching a fast ball, kept his delivery close in to the plant hitters, and set them down in the fifth and sixth. Billy meantime was pitching good ball himself, aided by the skill of old Tom Casey in judging batters, and held the town team scoreless. Jimmy covered a lot of ground at short, and Les Moore took all sorts of throws at first base.

When Jimmy went to bat in the seventh, the crowd greeted him with booing, for no reason except that he had played an aggressive game, hit Jacobs for the first single and scored the plant's only run. They taunted him, challenging for another hit off their prized pitcher. Jimmy, very cool outwardly, but inwardly nervous, cracked the first ball pitched for another single. Shorty Olson banged a single through short, and Jimmy, by fast running, managed to reach third. Les Moore could only hit a long fly, but Jimmy sprinted home safely after the catch. Again Jacobs bore down and stopped the scoring.

"Nice hittin', kid," said old Tom Casey. "We'll get 'em yet."

"Keep 'em away from that old plate a while longer," breathed Jimmy.

Billy, pitching with greater speed than he had ever used, because the work at the plant had given him new strength for his muscles, improved as the game went on. Armstrong could not score, and the game went into the ninth, 3 to 2. Casey, first up, smacked a single to right. Billy, on a signal from Casey, bunted to sacrifice, but was safe at first when Jacobs, in his anxiety to make the play, fumbled the ball before throwing. Then Jimmy came up.

"Get this guy, Jake," yelled the crowd. "Don't let him hit."

Jacobs bluffed at conferring with the catcher and approached the plate. He was angry at fumbling the bunt, and disgruntled at facing Jimmy, who had hit safely twice.

"I'll get yuh this time, smart boy," he growled. Jimmy did not reply, merely grinning. He resolved to be on the alert.

It was well he did, for Jacobs, confident that old Tom Casey would not try any fancy base-running at his age and with no nose, concentrated on him. Jacobs let drive

with all his speed and hurled an inshoot at Jimmy's head. Jimmy dropped in his tracks and ducked as he went down. Ball one. Jacobs glared at him, and the crowd yelled approval at the tactics. Once more Jacobs wound up and flailed through with another fast one, this time breaking an outshoot away from Jimmy's head and over the plate. "Too high," announced the umpire.

Jimmy once more scrambled into position, having pulled away in fear of being hit. Jacobs glowered at him. Ball two.

Jimmy, confident Jacobs would not waste the next one, took a healthy cut at it, but fouled. The crowd jeered and jeered again as Jacobs shot another inshoot at his head, to drive him back from the plate. Jimmy dropped again and ducked. Ball three, strike one. In the hole, and thoroughly angry, Jacobs split the plate with his next delivery, a fast ball with all his speed on it.

But Jimmy, his eye on the ball, took a halfswing and crashed a sharp liner straight back at the burly mountaineer. Jacobs stuck up a hand to protect his face and deflected the drive toward right field so that neither his first nor second baseman could reach it. Casey, grunting and puffing, legged it home and was closely followed by Billy Armstrong, sprinting like a Paddock. When the right fielder threw wild to the plate, Jimmy reached third. He had scored two runs, driven in two, and a moment later he walked home himself once more when Les Moore whistled a two-bagger over the third baseman's head. Score, 5 to 3.

AND that was the final score, for the home town boys could not hit Billy's fast ball with old Tom Casey calling their weaknesses.

"Atta boy, Billy," said Les and Jimmy together as the game ended. They ran in to the bench, where the team gathered among their power-plant friends. Trouble seemed to be brewing, and McGuire counseled peace.

"Let's go home together, boys," he said. "No use havin' trouble with these people. Nice game, Billy—uh, Thomas," and he winked at Billy knowingly.

"Yeah, but without Jimmy's hitting we'd never have got anywhere," said Billy.

"Boy sure had this big Jacobs sized up right," said Casey admiringly. "I thought he was going to kill you with 'at old bean ball. Good eye, kid."

"All in the day's work," said Jimmy, flushing.

"You boys take a tip from me," advised McGuire, as he led his men through the taunting crowd, "and stay at home tonight. We don't want a riot."

The threatened trouble faded in the face of McGuire's advice, and the plant men got away from the field without disorder. Some of the townsmen welched on their bets and tried to pick a fight, but the husky McGuire took his crew away. The boys stuck to their work in the days following and did not venture far from Mrs. Bierman's in the evening. Some of the other plant men became involved in rows downtown, but the trouble was gradually forgotten by everybody except the burly Jacobs. He seemed to hunt a quarrel and several times tried to lure Jimmy away from Les and Billy when he met them after working hours.

"Boys," said McGuire to the three one morning, "I'm warnin' ye to be on the look-out for this man Jacobs. I've heard stories he intends to beat up one of yez. Had to hire him here, because we're behind our schedule and need hands."

Disgraced because he had failed to beat a scrub team from the plant, angry because his friends had blamed him for losing their bets, and personally resentful toward Jimmy, whom he had failed to "bean," Jacobs proved a menace. He sought in every way, working with the laborers, to involve Jimmy in a quarrel. Much bigger than Jimmy, he could have throttled the little fellow. But Jimmy attended strictly to business. Moreover, Les and Billy, apprehensive, made it a point to be always near by.

But Jacobs finally found his chance. One morning the laboring gang was at work wheeling stones to throw into the dirt behind the dam, for reinforcement against the turbulent mountain water. They wheeled the stones out on the top of the dam, and dumped them inside, away from the river. Jimmy stood near the end of the dam, his wheelbarrow behind him, waiting for a line of men to go ashore ahead of him. It so happened that Jacobs, with his barrow between him and shore, was next to him. Jacobs turned around.

"This'd be as good a time as any," he growled, maliciously.

"What for?" asked Jimmy.

"To get you," said Jacobs. "Look," and he took a step toward Jimmy. "With one shove, I could throw yuh right down on them rocks, or," with a gesture to the other side, "into the river. See? For a nickel, I'd do it."

"Wouldn't pay that much," grinned Jimmy.

"Don't get funny with me," growled the burly fellow and made a threatening move toward Jimmy. The boy dodged, leaning over the handle of his wheelbarrow, whereupon Jacobs, with a mad gleam in his eyes, lunged at him the harder. Jimmy twisted the other way, and Jacobs half sprang, half fell, after him. Jimmy shrank back on the barrow and then, horrified, saw Jacobs slip over the handle nearest the water and plunge wildly down into the river.

"Get a rope!" he yelled, springing up. "Man fallen in."

"Who? Where?" his mates along the crest of the dam shouted.

"Get a board!" called Jimmy. Then, seeing that Jacobs did not come to the surface, he flashed into action. "The intake, the intake," he yelled loudly. "Get a rope!" And without pausing to tear off his clothing he dived into the river toward the center of the dam. Almost as he did so another resounding splash was heard above the roar of the water. Les Moore, from the shore end of the dam, had dived in after him.

The water at the dam was about twelve feet deep, with a tremendous pressure bearing down from the mountain current. This pressure was at its greatest against the bare wall of the dam. In the middle of the stonework was a twenty-four-inch intake, to let the water into an inner reservoir before it should pass on to the boilers. This intake, screened by a coarse wire grating to keep out fish, stones and debris, was open for the first time so that the reservoir might be tested out. The water was sucking into it at a terrific rate.

"If he gets against that," was the thought that flashed through Jimmy's mind the instant he dived. Les intuitively went to Jimmy's assistance. Their plunges from opposite points carried them to the same spot, and there they found the hapless Jacobs.

A quick, frantic tugging away from the intake failed to dislodge the struggling mountaineer. Reluctantly, Jimmy and Les came up for air; they were pressed against the dam by the force of the water.

"Pull up on him, Les," panted Jimmy. "Can't pull him away, against this pressure."

"You fellows get a rope, a board!" yelled Les to the frightened laborers above them on the dam. And down they plunged again, side by side. This time they found the unlucky Jacobs quieting. He seemed to be trying to hold himself to the screen, imagining he might be drawn through it. Jimmy and Les tried to lift him with one hand each. No luck. With one impulse, the two boys jammed the big fellow's head against the stonework, and he relaxed. Whether it was from the blow, or because his lungs were filling, they could not tell.

Then, with one last desperate effort, their lungs well nigh bursting, they tore at the big body and managed to pull it upward, out of the rush of water through the intake. Up, up it came slowly, the boys swimming and climbing hard with feet and one hand each. After what seemed ages, but was in reality only seconds, they emerged to the surface against the stonework. Billy, holding to the dam with one hand, and held by his companions, was leaning far down with a rope.

Five minutes later they were all out on the bank, the entire working force of the plant around them. First-aid methods were reviving the inert, awkward Jacobs. McGuire, seeing the big mountaineer being brought around after his narrow escape from death, turned to the husky Les Moore and the still panting Jimmy.

"How'd it happen, boys?" he asked.

"Oh, he was trying to bluff me, or scare me, or play a joke," said Jimmy.

"Trying to throw you off the dam," protested Les. "I saw it and couldn't get to you."

"And he slipped and fell in himself," Jimmy concluded.

"But what made yuh risk y'r own neck—" began McGuire, quizzically.

"After he'd tried to kill you with his bean ball, and then tried to throw you off the dam?" demanded Les, angrily. "That's what I want to know."

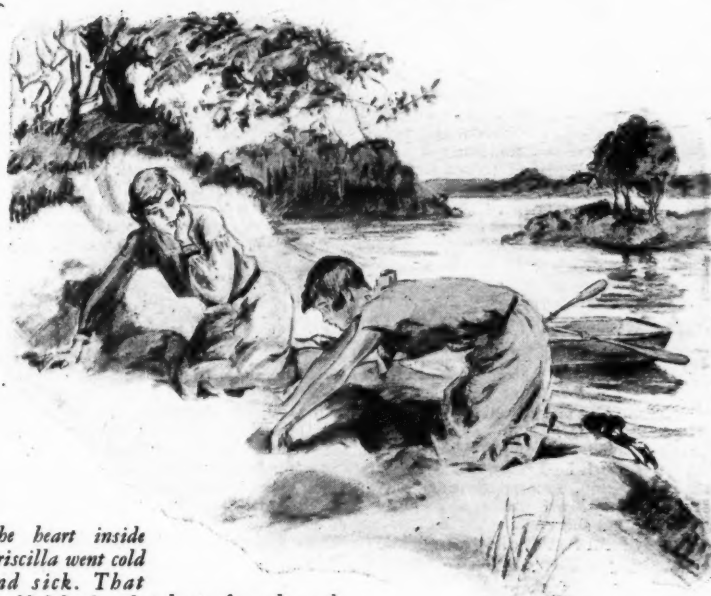
"Oh, it's all in the day's work," grinned Jimmy, flushing. Too tired to argue with them, and too modest to hear their praise, he scrambled to his feet and went off in search of dry clothing.



# Outrageous Ann

By ALICE DYAR RUSSELL

Illustrated by HARRIET O'BRIEN



*The heart inside Priscilla went cold and sick. That tumbled bank—that heap of sand—and Ruthie? She went at it desperately with her hands. Olivia stopped crying for a moment to watch her*

PRIS had a clever pencil. While her mother by the desk was writing a cordial invitation for the summer to her Arizona cousin—second removed, or fourth; Priscilla did not know and did not care which—she by the window drew with flourishing impish strokes an imaginary portrait of this same Ann for the benefit of her dearest chum Olivia, who leaned over her shoulder and cheered her on. The Ann conceived by Priscilla was gangling; awkwardness branched in every dot and line; she slouched and swaggered; uneven wisps of hair stuck out from under a foolish cowboy hat; her freckles were masterpieces of boldness and irregularity. She carried a shotgun in one hand and in the other an object which might have been a coiled lasso or possibly a rattlesnake in its death throes.

Olivia giggled, fascinated. "I suppose she'll say, 'Howdy, stranger!' and, 'I could not get heah afore sunup!'"

Priscilla added another freckle. "Sweet prospect, isn't it? I've implored mother to put it off, but she says that now is the time. I should think so indeed! Here I've just been taken into the Country Club—what I'm to do about that I don't know."

"It's a real problem," Olivia assented, with a thoughtful, grown-up air. "You won't mind if I say, dearest, that it wasn't altogether easy to get you in,—you being younger than our set and all,—and when it comes to the idea of introducing a crude Western girl—" Olivia pursed too-red lips and shook a modishly shingled head.

Priscilla touched up the snake. "It'll be a blessing if she's ever even heard of tennis," she said morosely.

"Or a golf course!" Olivia humorously added.

(Neither girl really knew how to play golf.)

Priscilla enlarged the toes of the boots and put hob nails on the heels. "She'll probably guffaw with merriment at the idea of afternoon tea!"

"And eat pie with a knife," elaborated Olivia.

Even though it came from her admired Olivia's lips, Priscilla thought that extreme. "See, here, Olly," she said slowly. "You know she may not be—"

"Oh, don't go easy now on Outrageous Ann!" Olivia broke in somewhat rudely. "That's rather good, isn't it, if I did say it! Outrageous Ann! There, name the portrait, and sign it as an artist should."

Priscilla obeyed, as she was prone to obey Olivia's biddings; it was part of the price she paid for the society of her friend. "OUTRAGEOUS ANN" straggled across the top of the page in Priscilla's best capitals, and at the bottom in vigorous shaded writing,—very distinguished, Olivia assured her,—"Priscilla Alden Maybury." She finished with the date as Mrs. Maybury came forward with her letter in her hand. Priscilla hastily turned Ann's face to the table. There was a possibility that her mother might not appreciate all its points. She liked to see Priscilla's caricatures, but she betrayed a certain weakness, the artist felt, in urging amiability in the treatment of the victims.

"Read my letter if you like, Priscilla," her mother said. "I've spoken of you in it, and I'd be glad if you would add a few cordial words on your own behalf. I'm sure they'd mean more to Ann than anything I have said."

"I really don't know what to write, mother. You don't want me to be untruthful, do you? You know very well that in my opinion Ann's coming will mess up the entire summer!"

Mrs. Maybury glanced at Olivia, with a momentary tightening of the lips.

"If you and Olivia have already decided that—but read my letter, dear, and then see that it is mailed, please. I hear Ruthie singing and calling upstairs. I believe she's not been asleep at all!"

"She's an imp!" Priscilla declared, but with tenderness. Their darling three-year-old was to all the Mayburys the rarest and most interesting thing on earth.

But Olivia was cold. "You spoil her, Priscilla," she said severely. "Now I think she should be made to take a nap! Why do you smile about that, Mrs. Maybury?"

Mrs. Maybury only smiled again as she left the room.

"DON'T read it," Olivia urged, as Priscilla fingered her mother's letter in indecision. "She only wants to work on your feelings, and we're too—too sophisticated to be taken in, aren't we? Give me the letter—I'm going now, and I'll mail it. And present me with 'Outrageous Ann,' won't you, Maybury? It's one of your best—I'll frame it when you're famous!"

So Priscilla never knew what her mother had written of her; she did, however, know that Ann was prompt in sending a graceful note of acceptance. It was neither the warm girl's epistle that Mrs. Maybury had somehow counted on receiving nor the crude effusion that Priscilla would have enjoyed ridiculing. It was correctly and carefully written on good paper. It contained a message for Cousin Priscilla. "Tell her," wrote Ann, "that I hope to come up to her expectations."

Priscilla's sixteen years had been spent in a small city in the Mississippi Valley, a city that had once played an important part in the lumber industry of the state and had seen the founding of great fortunes. As a child and young girl Priscilla had loved the woods and water and the outdoor life to which they invited. Priscilla had not been in the habit of envying the rich girls who rode in the high-powered cars or the yachts, who traveled and went to private schools and dressed in fashionable, expensive sport clothes. But with the coming of fifteen and the acquaintance of Olivia, who was older and more experienced and who had grown up with envy in her heart, a change had taken place. Olivia taught Priscilla that it was "old-fashioned and queer," even a little "nutty," to tramp; she pointed out those favorites of fortune who sprinkled the golf courses or lounged on the club-house verandas. Olivia had by long and sedulous endeavor succeeded in attaining the fringe at least of this favored group; Priscilla was ripe for patronage; Olivia meant, generously enough, to haul her up a social rung or two.

"Of course you will meet Ann with the car," Mrs. Maybury said to Priscilla the morning when Ann was to arrive.

The car was a sturdy, cheap, two-seated runabout that all the family could drive, Priscilla rather the most skillfully. She affected to despise its every look and part, but she loved the ease it gave her and the sense of power when her hand was on the wheel. She called it the family disgrace, the skeleton, the tinpan cupboard and other contemptuous epithets, but she kept it well polished and had been known to show fire when others used a derogatory tone.

Priscilla had a qualm when her mother spoke. "Oh, mother, I wish—I do wish now I'd been a little glad she's coming!"

"Not too late!" her mother said.

ONLY one girl got off the Pullman coach. She offered Priscilla a gloved hand and spoke through a veil. "And so you are Cousin Priscilla?" The tone was languid; she gazed round and sighed as if she were saddened by what she saw, then in the same tone said: "What a quaint town! How do you get about? Would you mind calling a taxi? I'm a little—fatigued."

Priscilla recovered her power of speech. "If you'll give me your check, Cousin Ann, I'll see about your trunk. And this is our car. Hop right in, and I'll be with you in a jiffy."

"This?" Priscilla swallowed something. "There isn't any other, is there?"

She drove to the house as fast as she dared. Ann sat reclining against the back of the seat. Twice she tried for a better position; once she put both hands to her back as if the jolting were almost too severe to bear. Priscilla swallowed again. "That's the courthouse," was what she said aloud. "And there's the library."

"That?" Again the slightly incredulous intonation.

Priscilla felt hot all over. "It was designed by a New York architect," she said stiffly.

Mrs. Maybury covered her surprise at what she had to greet rather better than Priscilla had done. She hugged Ann cordially, while Priscilla, "Jellyfish!" to herself, and Ruthie sat on Ann's suitcase and chuckled at the flurry.

Ann with her veil off was exactly what Ann had with a veil on led you to expect. She had reddish-brown eyes which might have been warm and keen had it not been for her absurd fashion of drooping the eyelashes. Were there freckles? Impossible to tell, her skin was so delicately powdered; her hair was tightly netted, and her clothes were awesomely good.

"Mother," Priscilla whispered as soon as she could get her by herself, "is that what our Western civilization is coming to?"

Her mother laughed, but it wasn't quite wholehearted. "It may really be that she's tired out by the journey."

"Tired?" Priscilla's voice trembled with her sense of outrage. "I never dreamed that Ann would be tired!" She felt the strongest, strangest pride in the hip-booted, stalwart Ann she had once created; such an Ann might have eaten with a knife, but she could have stood a little jolting.

"Aunt Sarah," said a sweet, drawing voice from the depths of the largest, softest chair in the living-room, "would the maid show me to my room? I think it would be well to get a little nap; and usually before sleeping I read for fifteen or twenty minutes, some dear old favorite. What have you? Jane Austen perhaps?"

"We have no maid, Cousin Ann, and no Jane Austen," Priscilla said curtly, emerging. "I'll take up your suitcase myself."

"Oh, don't you mind—really? Thanks so much. I hope it isn't too heavy for you."

SO was ushered in a period that Priscilla called weird. She felt a pang of sorrow over the Ann that seemed to have lived but to die. Did Ann want to learn to drive the car? "Oh,

no!" with a shudder. She was too nervous altogether; she was sure it would upset her; she should not be able to sleep, and if she could not get her sleep—eloquent pause. Then, too, she'd noticed—well, delicately said, wasn't there something not, not quite nice in using big men's tools and getting mused and grimy like a man? Priscilla couldn't get over feeling enraged by these digs at the little car.

Would Ann enjoy fresh-water bathing in their municipal "plunge"? Did she swim or row? Ann was obliged to remind her that, whatever the advantages Arizona boasted, the possession of large bodies of water was not one of them. She had, besides,—and seemed proud of it,—a perfect horror of water. As for joining Priscilla and Olivia in their amateur efforts on the golf course, Ann pointed out that she could not do anything that was likely to produce freckles.

What remained, Priscilla bitterly inquired of her mother, but to sit in stuffed chairs that were easy on your back and murmur vapidity? The one thing Ann seemed capable of doing was to sit on the club-house veranda and drink afternoon tea.

It might be thought that Ann and Olivia would be sympathetic, but they were not. Invisible sparks seemed to fly whenever they met, and Priscilla found that she was happier when she had not to act the part of innocent bystander at these verbal encounters. In vain Olivia tried to draw out details of raw Western life; Ann was blandly, irritatingly blank. At such times disloyal thoughts flashed across Priscilla: could it be that Olivia was jealous of Ann—would she have liked it better had she been able to make fun of her?

Mr. Maybury, returning from an extended business trip, observed Ann's gentle manners and confided to his wife that it was fine to see a quiet, old-fashioned girl again; he'd thought the species was extinct; Jim knew how to raise girls as well as steers—he'd write and tell him so!

Mrs. Maybury remarked that Ann seemed to her rather too quiet; she liked to see girls with more spirit and initiative. "I'm going to tell you a secret, Amos," she went on, with a guilty air. "I wouldn't have Priscilla suspect it, but my real motive in sending for Ann was—"

"To put a crimp in Olivia?"

"It has troubled me to see Priscilla try to model herself after Olivia. Ann, I thought, might wake the girls up to realities. But I find her a genteel, characterless edition of precisely the Olivia type, without even Olivia's force. What can she have done on that ranch, Amos? Study the fashion magazines?"

"A dud, then," Mr. Maybury commented with philosophy.

"A—what?"

"Dud. Bomb that doesn't go off."

"Oh, yes. Things don't come out as we plan. Their silly heads now are full of the dance that's coming off tomorrow night at the clubhouse. Priscilla has spent her whole summer's allowance on frock and slippers, letting her sketching materials go. She wouldn't have done that last year. I hate to see healthy girls try to play golf because they think it's fashionable, when there are bluffs to climb and woods to explore. I'd rather they'd toast bacon over a camp fire than go to teas."

"The only solution is to keep them three," declared Mr. Maybury, his eye changing to fall on one of that age who outside the window was carefully arranging hollyhock ladies on the edge of the veranda.

The next day Priscilla woke up with a distinct feeling of depression. Drowsily she tried to trace it to its source. Oh, yes, she had it! This was the middle of August—there were four weeks more of Ann. How would she bear it? She lay wallowing in gloom, then remembered what the day would bring forth; and a point of light appeared on the horizon, gradually growing brighter as she contemplated it, until she was able to spring from bed and leave dull care behind.

THAT Country Club dance! It was to be the most elaborate affair to which she had ever been invited. Olivia was providing the escorts, would introduce her to those whose names she had read in the society column; she did not doubt Olivia's word as to the importance of the occasion. A minor brightness in the affair was that she and Olivia were working members of the decoration committee. In the afternoon she was to drive down with the girls, bearing roses and snowballs from the garden.

Olivia and Ann had waited in the car for some time before Priscilla appeared from the house. She had baby Ruth by the hand.

"Sorry, girls, but I must take Ruthie."



Mother has a headache, and there is no one to leave her with."

"What on earth will we do with that child!" Olivia ejaculated tartly.

"Not—a chil!" said Ruthie, with lip quivering.

Pris started the car silently but with unnecessary energy.

The clubhouse was set at the opening of a lovely valley that commanded a view of the roofs and spires of the city. A low ridge separated buildings and grounds from the river, which at that point swept away in a majestic curve, leaving a maze of islands and sloughs behind. The golf course, intersected by a delightful brook, crept into the valley and up the smooth green slopes.

After delivering her load of garden flowers, Pris felt that there was a thirst within her still unsatisfied.

"What a shame they have nothing wild! Everything seems so tame—like the canna beds in front. Country Club! Sometimes it does make me laugh."

"What a peculiar sense of humor you must have, Pris Maybury!" Olivia said stiffly, but in Ann's brown eyes Pris thought she caught a gleam, and was encouraged to go on. "I know—and no one else does—that lotus lilies grow in one of the sloughs beyond the ridge. And there used to be a landing somewhere over yonder, and a boat—let's go and see!"

Pris boldly steered her car over slopes that had once been pasture land, found a dirt road full of ruts but passable, and made the curve round the hill with a sense of triumph. There was a landing—there was a boat, flat-bottomed, dirty, old, but still a boat. The water of the slough was quiet, reflecting a fringe of alders and willows on the other side; where the girls stood, the hill ran steeply to the road, the sandstone bank breaking abruptly; beneath it the sand had been hollowed out, making a delightful little curve, lined with bright-colored sand.

Olivia eyed the wet and muddy bottom of the boat with disfavor. Ruthie squatted down under the bank with an immediate absorption in the business at hand, which was one of her charms, and began to scoop out the sand and make hills and forts and winding walks with all the zeal of a landscape gardener.

After a slight dispute, Olivia was left on the shore to preserve her silk-knitted, lavender skirt and to keep an eye on Ruthie, while Pris summarily forced Ann into the boat, regardless of her clinging crêpe de chine, and promised to be as expeditious as possible. In spite of Olivia, in spite of Ann, the July air was so full of sun and sparkle that Priscilla's heart felt as young as Ruthie's.

They did not say much. Pris pulled quietly but easily. The little slough was narrow; they could see Olivia strolling impatiently up and down the road; they could see the white piqué sunbonnet on the intent child's head; if they had wished, they could easily have shouted back and forth.

The boat neared the opposite shore—no lilies at this point, but a glint of orange over in the swampy land caught Pris's eye. "O Ann! Wild tiger lilies—see how thick they are! Let's land and get some!"

"Let's!" said Ann, with quite unladylike eagerness.

It took some time to find a bit of ground firm enough to step on; pausing only to draw the boat up after them, they plunged into the shaded depths of swampy woods. "Now not too many," Pris warned. "It's easy to be greedy and exterminate lilies. We'll just pick stalks here and there."

"What's that?" said Ann alertly, after perhaps ten delightful minutes. "Is it Olivia calling?"

Pris halted, listening. "She's frightened—something's happened!" she said, her heart beginning to pound and plunge. Ann had already turned toward the slough, and she hurried after her.

They came out of the woods at a point higher than where they had left their boat but more nearly opposite the spot from which they had started. Now they could see Olivia waving her handkerchief and shrieking at the top of her voice; they could see the shabby, sturdy little car standing in the road; they could see the bank—but they could not see any white piqué sunbonnet. Where was Ruthie? Pris was in the warm sunshine, but cold shudders were passing over her. She turned and began to run stumblingly in the direction of their boat. She found Ann running at her side.

"Ruthie's fallen in—she's drowned!" Pris gasped, lips ashen.

"No!" said Ann sharply. "Didn't you see? The bank's caved in! Why hasn't that fool Olivia gone for help?"

They made ready to jump into the boat, but the boat was not there. The gentle wash of the quiet water had borne it out of their sight.

"You can swim?" said Ann.

"Across the plunge—that's all. I could never get across!" Pris leaned against a tree, covering her face to sob. There was a moment's silence—then a splash. Ann had kicked off her shoes and was in the water. The Ann who had refused to go in bathing was now rapidly cleaving the running stream.

PRIS did not waste time in watching her. She scrambled along the edge, splashing through mud and water—surely the boat could not have gone far. And there it was, caught on a snag, not two hundred feet below. Pris waded out, climbed in, sent herself flying across at a rate of speed never before attained. She drew up in time to see a dripping figure jump from the great heap of sand that spilled ominously down to the water's edge, race to the car, plunge in and start off almost on the instant. Olivia was in a heap on the ground, saying hysterically over and over, "It slid! It slid! Oh! Oh!"

The heart inside Priscilla went cold and sick. That tumbled bank—that heap of sand—and Ruthie? She went at it desperately with her hands. Olivia stopped crying for a moment to watch her.

"That's no good—I tried it—Ann tried—we can never reach her!" But like a frantic gopher Pris dug on, and was clawing away blindly when they heard the car again. Ann leaped out with a shovel.

"Get away from there!" she ordered, and

Pris obeyed, standing back while Ann got to work. Ann's hair was tumbled on her shoulders, her face was red and streaked with mud, her sodden garments clung to her; but she labored with the strength of a man; great spadefuls of sand flew back. Soon she was digging more carefully; now she was on her knees, using her hands. "Pris!" she gasped loudly, and Pris was down too, helping. A bit of white showed through, and Pris felt her strength go out of her.

It was Ann who brushed away the last layer of sand and uncovered the small crouched figure.

"She's dead—dead!" shrieked Olivia.

"Shut up!" said Ann. She straightened the little form and put her ear over the heart, then looked up with radiant face. "Blessed be sunbonnets!" she cried. "Ruthie's saved her life! It made a tent round her face and kept her from smothering. She'll come to in a minute." Very gently she moved the child's arms up and down.

AFTER what seemed an interminable period, Pris saw the child's breast heave and her pale eyelids flutter. Now she could believe—Ruthie was not dead! She gave way utterly then, kissing the stubby little shoes and crying as if her heart would break. Ruthie stirred vigorously, threw out her arms, kicked—a blessed kick right in Pris's face, caught her breath, began to cry.

Pris climbed into the back seat, as soon as her knees would hold her, and Ann deposited Ruth in her lap. "You take care of her—I'll drive."

"Yes, you drive," Pris said meekly.



Lloyd sat leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, turning his hat round and round in his hands. "I haven't been doing so well lately," he said. "For some reason I've got scared."

WHEN Sam Dillaway, in tennis flannels and sweater, entered his room in Holworthy, he found his roommate, Dick Judson, lying sunk in a Morris chair, his long legs stretched out in front to their fullest extent, his arms hanging limp over the sides, his expression one of weariness and discontent.

"What's the matter?" asked Dillaway.

"You're a lucky cuss," replied Judson without moving. "Darned lucky."

"Now why that?"

"Look at you!" Judson, still motionless, rolled his eyes up at his roommate. "You play tennis today; tomorrow, if you like, you play golf, or you take an automobile ride. You go to bed when you like; you stay at parties as late as you like; you eat anything you like. You have all the time in the world for studying if you want to study, for reading if you want to read, for loafing if you want to loaf. It's my idea of what college life should be—and it's as different as possible from mine."

"You're coo-coo," said Dillaway. He seated himself and surveyed Judson with a look of grave concern. "Do you really think that of all the fellows in Harvard College there's one who doesn't envy a fellow who's won his letter three years running in two major sports?"

"Envy! Bunk! If they do, it's because they don't know how little satisfaction and how much drudgery and servitude being on a varsity team means."

"It's worth it all for the honor."

That remark irritated Judson so much that he sat up.

"Honor! That may compensate a fellow who's a star athlete, and who's in the habit of winning. But for a fellow who's just an ordinary, mediocre varsity athlete, and who has never in his life been on a winning team, the honor is nothing at all."

"Something else than just being bored by the training is eating you," Dillaway looked at Judson with keen eyes. "What's gone wrong today?"

Judson slumped back in his chair. "My time in the half hasn't been any too good of late. I don't know what the trouble is. But instead of me being the one to make the real race against Cody the coach has picked Lloyd."

"You mean you're really not to have a chance to win the race—even if you feel you can win it?"

"It practically amounts to that. I've had a sort of feeling that, running my best race, I could beat Cody this year. I pushed him hard for second place a year ago; now that he's Yale's best half-miler I had hopes of taking first place away from him. But the last two or three days I haven't shown enough speed; I don't know why. So I'm to act as the decoy, while Lloyd runs the race."

"That's hard luck. Can't you cut loose and run your best race anyway?"

"No. You see, with four or five entries from Yale and the same number from Harvard,

"Shall we stop at the clubhouse? They may be sending out a party for an escaped lunatic. I had almost to knock a man down in order to get that shovel!"

"Home," said Pris, her grasp tightening about Ruthie's darling form. "You're a fraud, Ann."

"Well, you haven't suffered half as much as I! But didn't I do it well? And now—Ann's eyes danced—"shan't go to your old dance tonight—I'll have a sprain or something. I hate formal parties almost as much—not quite—as afternoon tea!"

It could not be supposed that Olivia would stand this. "Ann, you're a sight," she put in vengefully.

"Outrageous, I suppose?" inquired Ann, with a cheerful grin.

Pris gave a violent start. "Wh-what? H-how?" she stammered. "I never—you never—Ann, what do you mean?" She asked Ann, but she looked at Olivia, and Olivia was blushing. "Olly, how could you?" she opened her lips to say, but shut them again, knowing it would not do to give Olivia away.

But Olivia gave herself away; although feebly, she did rise to the occasion. "I put it in—it was a joke, Ann."

"But I drew it!" cried Pris. Remorse bit hard. Would Ann—splendid Ann—ever forgive her?

"And a very good drawing it was," Ann assured her genially. "But after that, do you blame me for hiding my hip boots? I really am outrageous, you know!"

"Oh, Ann!" And since Ann was out of reach, Pris hugged Ruthie.

## Work—Head, Leg and Team

By ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN

tactics plays an important part in a half-mile race. Each fellow has his work planned out beforehand; we have to try to outmaneuver our opponents. The coach's idea is that they will think I am the man they have to beat. So I'm to lead them on and set a swift pace at the start; Cody will feel he must keep in touch with me, and in the last stretch he and I will both of us be all in, and then Lloyd will come up and pass us. And Cody and I will have a fight for second place—or perhaps we'll be too exhausted even to come in second or third."

"It's like having to make a sacrifice hit when you feel you could wallop the ball for a home run, isn't it?" said Dillaway. "Still, you'll get full credit from the few who are on the inside and know the facts."

"It isn't that I'm crazy for personal glory—at least I don't think it's that. But it's my last chance on a college team to do the best I can—and a fellow hates to be condemned to do a thing that's only second best. To go through all the grind of training, and then learn from the coach that you're to kill yourself at the start of the race instead of having a chance to drop dead at the finish!"

"It's hard luck, old man, but if you kill Cody off at the start too you'll have done your share towards winning the event—no matter who is recorded as the winner."

"Yes, I know, and I ought to take more satisfaction in that thought than I do. I suppose I'm stale or over-trained, to feel so grouchy."

"Why don't you ask the coach to let you off track work for a day or two—play tennis instead? That might do you good."

"It might. But I expect he will think I need every afternoon now to practice up for my new assignment."

AND so it proved. The coach denied Judson's request regretfully. "I know you need a little rest and change of exercise," he said. "But I want to drill you and Merritt and Patterson so that your team play will be perfect; it's team play more than Lloyd that I'm counting on to win us the half-mile."

In the practice Patterson was assigned to play the part of Cody. Merritt, running on the inside of the track, and Judson, running a pace behind Merritt and outside of him, were to keep Cody pocketed on the last turn before the straightaway stretch for the finish. Then on the straightaway, before Cody could



get out of the difficult position in which they were holding him, Lloyd was to speed up from behind, pass them all, and hold a winning pace to the end.

Merritt was fast for the first three quarters of the distance and would be able therefore to perform satisfactorily the duty required of him. He did not have endurance enough to finish strongly; and Patterson had neither endurance nor speed enough to be likely to win third place. Meade, the coach, said to Judson, "If you can beat Cody for second place, it will be more than I can expect."

Judson made no reply. Much as he respected the coach's judgment, he thought Meade undervalued the usefulness of hockey as a preparation for work on the track. He had his own doubts too as to Lloyd's ability to meet the test which the race would impose. The boy would be a great runner some day—no question of that. But he was only a sophomore, and younger than most sophomores; he did not seem to Judson to have acquired as yet the confidence that should mark the winner of races; even in the conscientiousness and intensity of his efforts a certain anxiety manifested itself. He was a lithe, deep-chested, well-modeled fellow, light-haired, blue-eyed; though he was shorter than Judson by a couple of inches, his stride when running equalled Judson's in length, and was more smooth and springy. His "form" was excellent; his temperament, Judson thought, might be better if it were not quite so eager—if it were a bit phlegmatic.

Merritt had similar misgivings and expressed them freely to Judson. "That boy Lloyd is too green, too immature, to be made the key man in a big race," he declared. "He feels it himself; I know by the way he acts."

"He may feel nervous now and still come up to the scratch," Judson answered.

"Just the same I'd feel a whole lot safer if you were picked to do his job."

"Thanks, old man. But a coach has the best opportunity for sizing up runners, and Meade is certainly a good coach."

"He has one weakness; he's partial to the fellows that have done the most work under him. I believe that's why he picked Lloyd. If you'd spent the winter doing track work and running in indoor meets, all under Meade's eye, the way Lloyd did, you'd have been Meade's choice. He just can't help having the idea that a fellow whom he has more or less brought up to run is a better runner than a fellow that he's coached intermittently."

"We'd better assume he's right and try to give Lloyd all the confidence we can," Judson answered.

"He hasn't come to me; I don't see that I can do anything for him."

"Cody acquired a good deal of prestige by his work in indoor meets during the winter; he's a better man, I guess, than he was last year. He licked me last year, and it's natural that Meade should look for some one else to lick him this year."

"All right—but he hasn't picked a winner."

ON the last day of practice before the meet with Yale, Meade cautioned the participants in the various events not to overexert themselves in the tests, but to see how well they could perform without exhausting effort. In the half-mile Merritt and Judson as pacemakers made rapid time up to the point where the break was to come and Lloyd was to pass them. They were to try to hold Cody pocketed a moment longer, and thus insure Lloyd's victory. In this practice trial, Lloyd passed them at the appointed spot, but Judson was aware from his breathing as he passed that he had little effort in reserve.

When Judson was dressed and was about to leave the Locker Building, Jack Baldwin, the hammer thrower, came up to him. "Meade wants to see you for a moment, Juddy," Baldwin said. "He's in there." He pointed to the room in which the coach was accustomed to assemble the men for informal talks.

Judson found Meade engaged in conversation with two fellows who ran in the hurdles. They soon departed; then Judson drew near the coach.

"I'm troubled about Lloyd," Meade said. "I may have been mistaken in him—he may not have the necessary stamina. I'm going to talk with him, and I may ask him to come and have a talk with you; if he does, I know you'll do what you can to brace him up. But what I want to say especially to you is this: if Lloyd doesn't come up at the turn tomorrow, you've got to make it your race from that point on. It's too late to revise our whole plan—and Lloyd may come through. But if he doesn't—just remember that in order to

win the meet we shall probably need to win the half-mile."

The coach put his hand on Judson's shoulder and walked with him to the door. His manner as well as his words expressed appeal, and confidence in the person to whom he was appealing; and Judson as he departed had a new sense of friendliness for the coach and sympathy for him in his problems. But he could not help hoping that in the race the next day Lloyd would fail and that he himself would have the opportunity to make the final fight with Cody.

"You're looking cheerful," Dillaway said, looking up from his book when Judson entered the room. "Things must have gone well today."

"I don't know that they have, especially. But a fellow can't always be having a grouch, you know—even though he has you for a roommate."

Dillaway grinned. "Now you'll feel better than ever. Right on your toes today. Save some of the pep though for tomorrow."

"If I don't lose it all grinding for this history exam!" With a sigh Judson opened a book.

The two roommates sat quietly for a quarter of an hour. Then their studying was interrupted by a call from Lloyd.

He stood in some embarrassment, glancing at Dillaway. "I don't want to disturb you," he said, addressing Judson. "But if you could give me about five minutes—"

"I was just going out," Dillaway said. "Good luck to you tomorrow, Lloyd."

"Thanks." Lloyd's embarrassment did not visibly lessen with Dillaway's departure. He sat leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, turning his hat round and round in his hands.

"Meade thought I'd better have a talk with you, if you would be so good—I haven't been doing so well lately; for some reason I've got scared."

"What are you scared of?" Judson smiled. "You know, even if you don't win, no one's going to punish you."

"Yes, but I realize that Meade is trusting a lot in me, and somehow the thought has made me more and more nervous. I've always been nervous before a race, but never anything like this. What I'm really afraid of is that I may start so scared that my wind will give out before I finish."

"That won't happen," Judson said decidedly. "You'll finish—and you have a good chance of finishing first. Cody is probably just as nervous as you are. Everyone's nervous before a race. Cody's a little fellow; he has no right to beat long-legged runners like you and me. He's nothing to be afraid of; the race is nothing to be afraid of; it's something to take joy in while you're running in it and to look back on with satisfaction afterwards. You'll beat Cody tomorrow. I'm not sure I shan't beat him myself."

"I think Meade wishes now he'd chosen you to do it." Lloyd made the acknowledgment ungrudgingly.

"Get rid of that thought; it won't help you. Meade has a sure eye for runners. That's the thing you want to keep in mind. If you do,

you'll get back your confidence. Remember, headwork wins as many races as legwork does."

"I suppose so—if one has the head. But I'm afraid I must rely chiefly on my legs."

"You have a good pair of those anyway. And your head doesn't look so bad. Get a good night's sleep and tell yourself tomorrow that you're no more scared than Cody is. It will be the truth."

After Lloyd had departed Judson hoped that he had given him the moral help that he especially needed. But when he saw him in the dressing-room the next afternoon just before the meet was to begin, he wondered whether anyone so quivering with nervousness could have sufficient endurance for the test. "Feeling right, old man?" Judson said to him.

"Oh, sure; feeling fine." But Lloyd's voice was husky and unnatural, and after speaking he drew a long breath as if he were trying to nerve himself for the ordeal.

THE call for the half-mile runners came. Judson walked with Lloyd from the Locker Building to the Stadium, Merritt and Patterson following behind. The air was warm, a light breeze blew from the south, in the sunshine the grass of the athletic fields had still the emerald green of spring.

"Great day to break records," Judson said to Lloyd. "See if you can't break your own, if not the intercollegiate."

Lloyd smiled and nodded, too agitated to speak. So Judson continued to talk encouragingly: "Nothing like warm air and a strong sun to lubricate the joints; better than any massage. And when you hear the crowd yelling for you to come on then you'll beat it for the tape as never before."

"With a Harvard crowd yelling in front of you and a Yale man's spikes tearing up the dirt behind you, you bet you'll run," said Merritt.

They entered the inclosure; at the farther end of the green oval white-clad figures were running and leaping in the running broad jump, and others were putting the shot. The spectators were nearly all banked in the seats at that end of the field, where the races finished, but a few were scattered in the seats on the farther side opposite the starting point of the longer runs.

Meade joined the group of half-milers and walked with them across the field. "Run the race according to schedule if you can," he said. "But in case of emergencies, or, if the Yale plan proves different from what we've anticipated, you'll each of you have to use your own judgment. I know anyway that you'll all do your best."

"How have things been going?" Judson asked.

"Not very well. We've just lost the hammer throw that we counted on winning. It's all the more necessary for us to have first place in the half."

The four Yale runners had thrown off their wrappers and were limbering up on the grass.

"The little fellow's Cody," Judson said to Lloyd. "Just a shrimp. We can't let him beat us."



*Cody, still keeping step, was at his elbows. Then Judson lengthened his stride and forged ahead. Cody, trying too long to measure steps with him, fell behind*

Short Cody was, but so powerfully built that the word shrimp seemed to Lloyd quite inappropriate.

Judson tossed aside his wrapper and pranced about, lifting his knees high. Lloyd and Merritt and Patterson followed his example; then the four tried out their stride, running for a short distance on the turf.

A moment later the eight runners were called to the starting point and assigned to their places in line across the track. Harris of Yale had the inside position, Patterson was on the outside. In the middle Cody, Judson and Lloyd were arranged in that order. Between Cody and Harris Merritt was placed. Two Yale runners, Baines and Holden, were between Lloyd and Patterson.

At the crack of the pistol Harris and Patterson started off at high speed and ran side by side, with Merritt, Cody and Judson all keeping abreast two or three paces behind them. Lloyd, Baines and Holden were running on even terms a few feet in the rear.

At the first turn Judson glanced over his shoulder and saw that Baines had moved up and was running on the inside of the track in front of Lloyd, with Holden closing in so that Lloyd was pocketed. The Yale pair had outmaneuvered the Harvard sophomore at the start. Judson suspected that now Lloyd would become desperate and in his struggle to extricate himself from his predicament use up his strength and endurance.

Suddenly Judson was aware that Baines was coming up from behind. They were about ten yards from the last turn before the straightaway to the finish. Judson sprang ahead, leaving both Merritt and Cody behind, overtook Harris and passed him, and rounded the turn, leading the field. A cry of delight broke from the Harvard spectators, and Judson heard them shouting his name.

But the spurt had left him gasping. He hoped it was Merritt or Lloyd who was close behind him, but instantly he knew, from the short quick steps of the approaching runner, that it was Cody. He slackened his own pace in order that he might have breath and strength for the final effort. Those short steps with their quick rhythmic beat—how they bothered a fellow's stride! Judson felt almost compelled to adjust his own step to them—to have his feet strike the cinder track in time with Cody's.

FROM the almost irresistible desire there sprang to life in his mind an idea. He slowed his pace a trifle, and instantly Cody came abreast of him, and instantly from the Yale spectators in the stands rose a shout, and the cries, "Cody! Cody!" "Judson! Judson!" became intermingled. But to the shouting Judson gave no heed. Panting and weary, he was trying out now the idea which had come to him like a flash of inspiration. Side by side with Cody he ran, adapting his step to Cody's, making his long legs work in time with Cody's short ones, so that his spiked shoes and Cody's struck the track in unison. With the even beat of their steps he became aware that Cody was gasping like himself, and running with no less effort. He lengthened his stride a little, and Cody

lengthened his in order to keep pace and hold the even beat. Judson felt that now the strain was telling on his opponent. Fifteen yards ahead was the tape; on every side there seemed a confusion of shouting; sight was blurred, the tape was bobbing up and down; Cody, still keeping step, was at his elbows. Then Judson lengthened his stride to the full and, doing so, forged ahead. He was holding the lead; Cody, trying too long to measure steps with him, fell behind and was too exhausted by the effort into which he had been

beguiled to make a winning spurt. But in the last five yards Judson was suddenly aware, amidst all the Harvard shouting, that a runner had come up and had almost overhauled him on the right; he could hear him gasping only a foot behind. Whether it was Baines or Holden or Harris he did not know; in a last desperate lunge forward he broke the tape and fell into Meade's arms. But he was not too utterly exhausted to look around and see that the fellow who had crossed the line just behind him and had now collapsed in the

arms of a couple of Harvard men was none other than Lloyd.

TWENTY minutes later in the Locker Building Lloyd told Judson of his part in the race. When he had found himself pocketed almost at once by Baines and Holden, panic and despair had seized him; he felt that at the very outset he had been forced into a position which would render it impossible for him to carry out his assignment. "Then I reminded myself of what you had said about

headwork being as good as legwork," Lloyd said. "It did the trick for me."

"I tried to use a little headwork as well as legwork, too," said Judson modestly.

Lloyd listened admiringly to the explanation. "You certainly have the brains," he said. "And they gave us eight points in the half-mile, instead of only four."

Inasmuch as Harvard won the meet by a margin of only two points, the four points that headwork plus legwork had earned in the half-mile race were highly important.

WHITE and slender rose the tower of the great Point Pilar wireless station. In the wireless house David Taggard was copying the last of the government messages from a cruiser at target practice in Magdalena Bay. David was the youngest man at the station.

On this somnolent midsummer afternoon the wireless had picked up messages from the Navy Yard and from distant Honolulu before it lapsed into silence. Suddenly through the doorway burst young Hartley. David and he had become close friends from the interchange of messages on lonely, comfortless winter nights. Behind him came a gesticulating Italian fisherman.

"David," cried Hartley, his face aglow, "I'm on the track of something more exciting than that mysterious invention of yours! John Brabo here has seen the wreck of the Rio de Janeiro off the reef at Devil's Cliffs!"

The agitated Italian illustrated Hartley's speech with many demonstrative gestures. David dropped the carbon copies of the radiograms. Instantly he recalled the tragic holiday, in February, 1901, when the Pacific Mail liner Rio de Janeiro incautiously picked her way at dawn through the impenetrable veil of fog just outside the Golden Gate and was pounded to destruction on the reef. Down with her went a treasure valued at half a million dollars, which in the years following provoked numerous expeditions to seek in vain the mysterious grave of the big liner; in the opinion of Federal maritime inspectors the powerful tides of the channel had carried the ship and her treasure hopelessly out to sea.

To find the Rio meant a fortune. Hartley's news was thrilling. In broken English Brabo explained the situation of the wreck.

"Come on, Hartley!" cried David, flushed with adventure. "And you, too, John. If it's true, we're rich!"

But Brabo could not go; he must help the fishermen prepare their trawls for the night. As David and Hartley started for the jetty below the lighthouse, the Italian held aloft a hand of warning.

"You looka out for da gulls!" he cried. "Sometime they fight; I know, you see!"

He showed the stump of a finger. Hartley laughed boyishly.

"Don't worry, John," he called back, "we'll bring you some sea-gull eggs for supper!"

The wind was freshening stiffly on the jetty. David and Hartley climbed into an old dory and put out to explore the coves and shoals of Devil's Cliffs. They buffeted the swells, rowing parallel with the reef straight out to sea. Long, lazy green combers rocked the dory through the shoal water.

A quarter-mile from the jetty the reef disappeared from view. Giant whistling buoys warned of the peril from sunken rocks. Half a mile farther out the submerged reef rose again to view and terminated in dreary, wave-beaten Devil's Cliffs. Here, after hard rowing, David deftly grounded the dory and leaped out upon the rocks.

With sudden screams of alarm a great cloud of frightened sea gulls rose from projecting crags and ledges, winging high and far, circling madly away and darting swiftly back and forth around the two intruders. The edge of the bluff overlooked the crashing seas below. Climbing cautiously down the steep crags, the boys explored the sombre green of cove and shoal, peering far into shadowy depths.

"What's that!" suddenly exclaimed Hartley, pointing.

David thrilled as he saw a fragment of wreckage, with the hazy letters 'R-I-O,' on the rocks four fathoms down. What would diving reveal? With eager haste both boys undressed under an ancient cypress.

Hartley stepped cautiously down to a ledge; there was a whirling sheet of foam. He dived deep through great waters; at last his hand touched the twisted iron and timbers of a wreck; he opened his eyes and saw a portion of the Rio de Janeiro's crushed bow.

As Hartley swerved to the surface, David's

## The Gulls of Devil's Cliffs

By DENISON CLIFT

Illustrated by NAT CHOATE



*With incredible swiftness one of the gulls shot down. There was a rush of wings, and the next instant the yellow beak laid open the flesh on Hartley's naked shoulder*

white body flashed downward. A moment later his shock of blond hair appeared. He shook the water from his face.

"It's the Rio all right!"

"But only part of the bow," said Hartley, with grim disappointment. "Must have got torn from the wreck and floated here."

He turned and followed the shore line a little way. Then, clambering over barnacled rocks, he gained a ledge that commanded a view of the entire south side of the cliffs. In the nooks and crevices were the last of the season's nests. The frightened gulls left hurriedly. Hartley picked up a handful of eggs and with a shout of laughter began pelting David below.

Then, standing half dressed on the rocks, he was startled by a strange and terrible screeching overhead. He looked up, amazed to see a sinister gray-black shadow, against

the crimson sunset, lowering upon him!

"Look out for the gulls!" cried David.

A SUDDEN panic seized Hartley as he saw the gray cloud descending. With incredible swiftness, one of the gulls suddenly shot down. There was a rush of wings, and the next instant the yellow beak laid open the flesh on Hartley's naked shoulder.

With a cry of pain he sank back—and toppled over the ledge! Down ten feet over sharp crags he fell, the breath rushing from his body. For a moment he lay still, suffering intense agony. But his attention was quickly diverted as the screaming gulls descended and began a vicious attack.

David well knew the dangerous persistence of these gulls when once aroused. Many times he had heard of their attacks on prowling fishermen.



*Hartley clung to the boat, before the birds gathered for a fresh attack. Then down they swooped. David took a deep breath and sank far under the surface*

Hurrying over to Hartley, he struck out blindly with his strong arms. He encountered several heavy bodies; but before he could leap clear the scissor-like beak of a gull snipped a bleeding wound in his back.

With a sharp cry he turned to Hartley, who was slowly struggling to his feet.

"Stick close to me," he shouted. "We may have to fight for our lives now!"

Running low, stumbling over jagged boulders and splashing through pools, they reached the cypress fifty feet away—and their clothes. A dozen gulls wheeled down with snapping beaks.

"Stone them!"

With all their strength the boys hurled small rocks indiscriminately upward. Shriller screeches told that some struck home. Down fluttered two quivering bodies. Then, aroused to pitiless fury, the gulls swept down in a cloud. They struck viciously at the boys' faces. With frantic cries and wildly swinging arms, David and Hartley fought to beat them back. Hundreds upon hundreds of the birds, rising in alarm now from every nest and ledge and crevice of the cliffs, leaped up into the sunset-tinted sky. The air was alive with discordant screams, rising above the boom of the surf.

The nearest help was at the lighthouse a mile landward—too far away—unless some of the Pilar fishermen happened by. David and Hartley were actually in peril of death!

An idea came to David. He reached for the pile of clothes. He and Hartley managed to get into their coats. But the infuriated birds continued to harry them.

"Quick! The boat!" cried David.

Plunging down the slippery rocks, not heeding the barnacles that cut their feet, they ran to the dory and clambered over the bow. A strong ebb tide was running; the spume dashed over them, blinding them. They threw all their strength upon the oars.

"David! Look out!"

A score of gulls swept low again. David hurled the oar sideways with terrific force; the dory dipped and capsized, and the plunging seas broke over the boys. In the chop tide they beat about desperately for the upturned boat. The salt water burned in their wounds.

Night was coming on. The red sun dropped through the floor of the Pacific behind the Farrallones. Overhead, the gulls hung, circling, against a purple twilight. David trod water until he was near enough to seize the gunwale of the dory. Hartley, not a hardy swimmer, was struggling hand over hand. David, with much difficulty, finally reached out and drew him close. Swimming together, one on each side of the up-turned boat, they fought gallantly to gain the reef.

HALF the gulls had circled back to Devil's Cliffs, but many still hovered above them. Of a sudden, with piercing cries, they darted down again. Both boys sank beneath the waves that broke above them in friendly protection.

An idea came to David as he shook his eyes clear. "Swim apart," he shouted to Hartley. "We'll divide them. If they attack me, I'll dive under and you'll be safe. You do the same."

They swam unmolested for ten minutes, Hartley clinging to the boat, before the birds gathered for a fresh attack. Then down they swooped; David took a deep breath, and sank far under the surface.

When he rose, what he saw filled him with horror. Trundling down from the north, a midsummer bank of pearly fog was thickly enveloping land and sea with its treacherous veil. After ten terrible minutes the mist unrolled in blackness above the capsized dory, shutting out every hopeful prospect of land and reef. Hartley was unconscious of this new danger. David saw that the strain was telling upon him; his face was gray, his lips purple.

David reached the boat as Hartley ceased his vain struggle against the waves. His stiffening fingers still clutched the gunwale,



the love of life strong upon him. The last of the gulls vanished seaward in the mist.

"Buck up, Hartley!" David called. "It's only a little farther now—just a little farther!"

The boy's eyes opened, and a wan smile fluttered his lips. Using all the strength he possessed, David reached over and dragged Hartley upon the slimy bottom of the dory, then fell back, weakly, clutching the gunwale.

Night, black and inexorable, shut down.

IT was long before Jack recovered from the downfall of his hopes at the Sembach Institute. He hated the thought of New York, and yet he hated the knowledge that New York had defeated him—that he had returned twice, bruised in spirit, from his attacks on the Giant's House.

For many days he moped around his mother's house. He had no plans for the future. He began to feel that fate was somehow against him, that he was wasting his life, and that any work he might attempt would turn out not worth while. Mrs. Farrington was deeply alarmed by his lack of appetite and his drooping spirits. At last, without telling Jack in advance, she invited Mr. Vincent to supper in the hope that he would cheer Jack up.

All through the meal Mr. Vincent chatted about baseball and other topics of interest to Jack, and Jack made a great effort to respond. But after supper he sat silently on the porch for a time, while Mrs. Farrington went indoors on the plea that the evening was too cool for her. She knew that Mr. Vincent's keen eye would detect that Jack was suffering.

Very suddenly Mr. Vincent said: "Farrington, I think you have done very well, so far. And I expect much better things from you."

"How can you say that?" asked Jack. "I have been a failure. I thought I was becoming a real executive and was going to make a lot of money. I was a fool. I'm back now where I started, with nothing to show for it."

"You are wrong. Life is never the same from year to year, and none of us stand still. Life should be victory. But it is not only victory over material things; it must be victory over yourself. Remember the old Princeton football slogan, Jack, 'If you won't be beat, you can't be beat!' That is a pretty good motto for a man's whole life."

Jack was silent, but he felt comforted.

"Let me see if I know your story correctly," pursued Mr. Vincent. "You were a sensitive, ambitious boy. You read a great deal and thought a great deal, but you could not give anything your full attention because you wanted to think about so many things at once. You didn't get the high marks in your studies that you should. You made yourself into a fairly good baseball pitcher, by hard practice and close study. Then you threw a big game away by disobeying the signals. After that, you rallied our school spirit by a magnificent speech in a moment of real crisis, and you brought us a great victory and a state championship. Isn't that right?"

"It doesn't seem very important now," said Jack.

"But it is important. School problems and life problems are very different, but most men make in life just about the same records they make in school. Jack, I thought you had a touch of genius. I thought it would carry you far and high. You went away to New York to make your fortune. I didn't visit you there, but I'm sure you were sloppy about your clothes and your money—I'm sure you were so impatient that you didn't organize your thoughts and your habits. You failed the first time because you secretly despised your employer, and wanted to do everything in your own way. You didn't like him, and of course he didn't like you. Am I right?"

"It's all perfectly true," answered Jack, wretchedly.

"Many boys make the same mistake," commented Mr. Vincent. "Well, one discharge never hurt anybody. And up to the time you were discharged, you were only a boy. You came back home, found your mother in distress, and you had to be a man. You did a wonderful stroke of business for the coal company. You showed genius then. It turned your head a little. You hurried off to New York again, because you were flattered by the way other men talked to you. And then you leaped at the first

A terrible night to be lost and sweeping out to sea! The waves rose, the wind increased, David's strength was fast ebbing. He still tried to propel the boat, but he lost all sense of direction. Into his heart crept the awful realization that the end was near.

"Hartley!" he called. His voice was tremulous with wistful eagerness. Only the ghostly whistle of a buoy off somewhere in the fog answered him.

Then, millions of miles away one minute and ringing through his brain the next, he

heard the mellow ritornelle of the great fog bell. He opened his eyes. He saw the alternate red and white flashes of the Point Pilar revolving light. The fog, true to its nature, was lifting. Above glimmered the clear stars. But David's strength was gone.

As he slipped into the enfolding sea his eyes saw dimly the flaring, smoky glare of a torch dancing over the waves. The Italian fishermen of the Point were racing by in a Whitehall. The swarthy face of John Brabo peered hard ahead.

"Ahoy! Ahoy!"

The next moment strong, bronzed arms lifted two unconscious figures over the bow of the Whitehall to safety.

"I tought you kids'd hava da trouble," said Brabo. "Dem gulls are wicked, boys! And when you no come back—I know somethin' wrong, so I follow you."

Today the shattered timbers of a great ship are preserved in the wireless station on Point Pilar. That ship was once the majestic Rio de Janeiro.

## Jack Farrington's Beanstalk

By DAVID LORAIN and ARTHUR FLOYD HENDERSON

Illustrated by DUDLEY G. SUMMERS

Chapter IX. THE SHORTEST WAY HOME



The young man invited Jack to sit down on an empty soap box. "I'm Fred Hall—work at the Franklin Building on Main Street," he said. "What do you think of our little shop?" "Pretty slick," said Jack. "What's the idea?"

chance which presented itself, never stopping to investigate. You earned a surprising lot of money. That was because this rascally promoter, Mr. Supplee, sized you up for a greenhorn. An older, more sensible man would have known enough not to go to work for him. He defrauded you, Jack, just as completely as if he had sold you a gold brick."

"But I didn't know it was a fraud," said Jack.

"He was a very crafty man," replied Mr. Vincent. "You might have known that the way to insure a healthy, happy old age is to live wisely when you are young—to obey the simple, well-known laws of health—to eat temperately, to get plenty of work in the open air, to sleep enough every night to repair the fatigue of the day, to go regularly to a dentist. Oh, Farrington, you know how a baseball team is kept in condition by simple training rules. You know that a coach couldn't take a lot of boys who smoked and drank, who overate, who took no regular exercise, and expect to get them into trim for a game, with a bottle of medicine."

"I know it now," answered Jack, thoughtfully. "Now just a word in conclusion," said the teacher. "I personally feel that Mr. Wilson was innocent of fraud. I think he was deceived, and that he helped to deceive himself. He is dead now, and there will be nothing left of the Sembach Institute before long. But you are alive, and young. You have genius. Everything depends on what you do with it. You may become a very happy, very useful and very famous man—or else you may be a shuffling, abject old failure. Which shall it be? You can give me the answer, as soon as I give you the key."

"The key?"

"The key to all the secrets of success," replied Mr. Vincent. "You must have come

across it in Emerson. 'The mass of men worry themselves into nameless graves,' he says, 'while here and there a great, unselfish soul forgets himself into immortality.'"

Jack pondered this saying for a long time, and then he asked Mr. Vincent to explain it a little.

"Think of yourself," said the teacher. "You have worried and worried about yourself. You have fine instincts. For instance, you have always wanted to help your mother. But always Jack Farrington himself has been the most important person in your mind. You didn't really ask yourself what you could contribute to New York. You wondered what New York would give you. You didn't go there to make the city any better, even a tiny bit better. You went there to see how much money you could make for yourself. Honestly now, Jack, didn't you picture yourself as some sort of knight in armor—some brave, glittering hero—a man of destiny perhaps—a conqueror? Ah, Jack, that is not the spirit that wins true success. It was not with any such picture of himself in mind that Washington left his farm to fight for freedom, or that Lincoln accepted the call to duty. Those men, and every other man who is fit to be mentioned beside them, were not thinking of their own glory. They were thinking entirely of what they could do for others. You must have the same spirit, Jack, if you want your great dreams to come true."

Jack flushed as he realized the force of Mr. Vincent's words. The teacher was standing up now, preparing to take his leave.

"You must forget yourself," he said. "You must find some noble cause, and strive for it patiently until you bring it to success, or until you die. You must not think about your own salary, your own advancement; you must help people who need help, and when you have made them strong they will not forget to be grateful to you."

ON a cloudy Saturday afternoon in May, a few days later, Jack was on his way for a hike out into the open country. He was passing through River Street at the northern end of the town, when he heard the sound of boys' voices mingled with the clink of hammers and the harsh droning of a saw against hard wood. The sounds came from a small wooden shack in a vacant lot that sloped gradually to the river. Jack peered in one of the windows. His glance met the friendly eyes of a young man of perhaps thirty, who was standing at one side of the room watching a group of eight or ten boys at work on the frame of a motor boat.

"Hello!" shouted the young man. "Come on in and watch us."

Jack grinned, hesitated, then opened the door and walked in.

The young man invited Jack to sit down on an empty soap box. "I'm Fred Hall—work at the Franklin Building on Main Street," he said. "What do you think of our little shop?"

"Pretty slick," Jack replied. "What's the idea—a sort of a club?"

"Well, yes, I guess you might call it that," said Hall. "More exactly, though, this is Workshop No. 6 of the Guild of Youth. We're not very old—just started a couple of weeks ago."

Jack was thoughtful. Several times during the past year he had seen something in the newspapers about the G. Y. Now he said, "Tell me about it, won't you?"

"Glad to," replied Hall. "The G. Y. is something like the Boy Scouts. I mean it's organized like the Scouts, with national headquarters in New York and local units scattered over the country. Actually it's a whole lot different from the Scouts or from any other boys' organization that I know of. The aim is to give boys a chance to study and learn useful occupations—like carpentry, metal working, weaving, house-building. It just happens that my boys are all interested in carpentry, so we put this shack up ourselves and then decided to build a speed boat."

"It sounds good," said Jack. "But tell me, where does the money come from to support a thing like this? It must cost a lot."

"It does," Hall admitted. "But there are a good many big men interested. Jacob French is one of the big men on the advisory board right here in Lambert."

Jack blinked, then smiled a little at recollection of the local magnate, to whom he had refused more than three tons of coal during the strike.

Jack remained at the shack for almost an hour, talking with Fred Hall, watching the boys at work on the boat and pondering his own thoughts. He had unexpectedly found something that interested him very much, and he wondered whether he could somehow get into the work—if not in Lambert, then in another part of the state. The more he thought of the G. Y., the better he liked it, the more possibilities for good he saw in the organization. Certainly it was an honest effort to do good; certainly no one was trying to make money out of it, or to use it to promote his own selfish ends.

THE following morning Jack took his courage in hand and went to the office of Jacob French. The man regarded him with shrewd, calculating eyes when Jack told him he was interested in the G. Y. and thought he should like to take part in the work.

French nodded his head thoughtfully. "Last year you refused to sell me coal when coal was scarce; now you come to me for a job." He spoke the words in a serious voice, but Jack was quick to observe a slight twinkle in his eyes.

"Mr. French," he said quickly, "I am very much interested in this new movement. I'm not much more than a boy myself, and I enjoy working with boys. I went to New York with the idea of becoming somebody big, but I had a bad experience there; I got into a business that I thought was humani-



tarian and patriotic, and it turned out to be the worst kind of a fraud. I mean the Sembach Institute."

"Yes, I know all about that." "Well," continued Jack eagerly, "I'm sure the Guild is on the level. I'm convinced it's a mighty fine undertaking, and I'd like to have a hand in it. I happen to know that Fred Hall wants to resign as director of Workshop No. 6 here in town, and—and I'd like you to consider me for his place."

"You know, I suppose, that the job pays very little," said Mr. French, still eyeing Jack closely.

"That doesn't matter," replied Jack impulsively. "It's the work that interests me."

"Well," said Mr. French, "I'll let you know."

On the first of the following month Jack took up his duties as director of Workshop No. 6. The note he had received from Jacob French had been brief. "Am giving you a chance," he said. "Prove that you deserve it."

The Lambert guild now contained sixteen members, and by the middle of summer the number had grown to twenty-eight—too many for the little house. Jack was popular with the boys right from the start. They saw that he was very much in earnest in everything he did—and earnestness is a quality that spells respect in the eyes of any group of boys. Jack had never been an expert with tools, but he was quick to learn. Moreover, he had the knack of learning much about a thing from reading. In his evenings he read books on engineering and mechanics.

Jack's habit of reading, as we know, had become almost second nature with him. He was not satisfied with learning all he could about the technical side of the various handicrafts; he read exhaustively on the history and organization of the Guild and also on the history of other societies of a similar nature. He was soon familiar with everything pertaining to the Boy Scouts, both in America and in England. He read about the old-time craftsman's guilds, and about the fascinating history of the Royal Society of London from its foundation, in 1645, down to the present day.

By September, Workshop No. 6 had forty-seven members. New quarters were needed. A site was given by Jacob French. Jack canvassed the other substantial men of Lambert and persuaded them to donate cement, lumber and hardware. It was not easy; Jack needed all his enthusiasm and all the things he had learned, to prove the points he made. Then he went to an architect, taking his best three boys, and asked the architect to show them how a building is designed. The architect was very busy with other orders, but he looked into Jack's face, and into the faces of the boys, and all of a sudden he swept the other work off his drawing-table and began to make sketches for a practical, but beautiful, two-story workshop.

"Farrington," he said, "this is a chance I have been waiting for all my life. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll help the boys build this shop."

He was as good as his word. The building was of cement blocks, and whenever some problem could not be solved by the boys Jack and the architect would go to an expert on that problem and persuade him to come and lend a hand. Such an example is infectious. Men who had not done any manual labor in years now came and mixed cement and did carpenter work. And the masons and carpenters in Lambert came around in their own time and helped. All wanted to help the Guild boys.

Jacob French looked at the plans with interest. "But what's the idea of making the building so big?" he asked. "You have room for one hundred boys."

"It won't be long before we have them," replied Jack quietly.

Shortly before Thanksgiving, Workshop No. 6 numbered one hundred and five members. It was really too large for one man to direct, but Jack found volunteer assistance, and did the best he could. Many a morning found him at the shop at sunrise. And the most ambitious boys rose early, too, and worked with him. They had a printing press now, an old one given by the Lambert newspaper proprietor. It was going to be scrapped; instead, the boys rebuilt it and learned to

use it. They were weaving on looms secured in the same way. There was a class in architecture and building, supervised by Jack's old friend. On the first floor there was a carpenter shop, and space also for a forge, and for machine tools. All the second floor was devoted to weaving and other industries. The front room on the second floor, however, was finally partitioned off for a special library, to contain the books that would be most useful to the boys in their various industries. Plans and sketches and photographs were sent to national headquarters of the Guild in New York.

Jack was now happy as he had never been before.

With the first of the new year Jack received two pieces of information that thrilled him from his head to his heels. The first was an announcement from national headquarters saying that the new quarters of Workshop No. 6 had received first prize of one hundred dollars for the best piece of constructive work for that year. Many newspapers printed a picture of the structure together with a group picture of all the members, along with a signed article by Jack, telling just how the house was built.

The second piece of information was a letter from Jacob French appointing Jack field agent for the state of Connecticut with a substantial increase in salary—an amount considerably less than what he had received from the clinic, but large enough nevertheless to set at rest his anxieties on the score of money.

It was with a good deal of sadness that Jack left the local club that he had brought to such heights of success; but before long he was completely immersed in his new duties. The Guild was growing tremendously, and it was Jack's principal duty to foster the growth within his own state. He helped to organize new clubs in all parts of Connecticut. He wrote articles for the newspapers. He traveled extensively, visiting New London, Hartford, and New Haven, speaking before gatherings of boys and their parents, explaining the make-up and purpose

of the organization, telling what already had been done and what was to be done in the future. Girls' clubs were to be established, and Lambert had the honor of having the first one. Jack's gift of public speaking improved; he learned to love the thrill of addressing a big gathering, of taxing his wits to answer questions that eager listeners put to him at the close of his addresses. If he had been happy before, he was doubly happy now. He was becoming known all over the state; he was making friends wherever he went, particularly among boys and girls.

Another thing that Jack had acquired was the habit of saving money. He was never mean or niggardly—far from it. But he did manage to save regularly, with the result that he was able to fulfill the promise once made to his mother: he bought the little white-shingled house on Elm Street in which they were living, and presented the deed to her on her birthday.

That evening Mrs. Farrington was the happiest woman in Lambert. It was not the gift itself that she valued so much; it was the manner in which it had come to her. Her boy, once so thoughtless and careless, had earned the money himself and then had spent it, not for himself, but for her.

Jack was preparing for bed that same evening, when the telephone rang. Jacob French was at the other end of the wire. "Hello, Jack," he said—nearly everyone called him "Jack." "I've got a piece of news for you. How would you like to go to New York?"

"Oh, all right, I guess," replied Jack. "About all I do these days is travel."

"I don't mean just for a trip; I mean go to New York to live," said French.

Jack caught his breath; his memory stirred. In his interest in his new work in his own state he had lost all desire to return to the big city—and here the giant was calling to him again.

"I—I don't know," he said. "What sort of work is it?"

"Drop around in the morning," said French, "and I'll tell you about it."

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

**A** DOG must not chew books or the legs of chairs; or kill the neighbors' cats and chickens; or run after automobiles; or bark and snap at callers, except those that come unannounced in the middle of the night. These might be called negative virtues. The equipment for instilling them is patience, firmness, a few set commands and the ability to register disapproval, as they say in the movies. The whip should only be used in extreme cases, and never on a very young puppy.

Teaching a puppy to control himself in the house is a matter of watchfulness and prompt constructive action. Keep him with you constantly for a day or two. At the first sign of misbehavior give a command that will bring him up short, and then rush him to his box or out of doors. He can learn that lesson in a day, if you give the time to it.

The command for prohibited actions should be a monosyllable, such as "Hey!" or "Stop!" Put lots of snap into it, and when you have his attention follow it up with "Bad dog!" and a stern, disapproving expression. The command should never be varied.

A word about the whip: Don't use it, except as a last resort. Punish only as you catch him in the act of misbehaving, and never call him to you for punishment. Go to him. You want your dog to come to you always with his tail up and with a grin.

And a word about kicking: Never. It is the habit of a brute, and the cringing dog betrays the brutality of his master.

Before the puppy leaves his yard, he must learn three things: To go on a leash, to come to heel when he is called, and to stay there until he is released by command.

Snap the leash on the pup's collar and let him play with it first. Set him to chasing a ball, the leash still attached. If he balks when you pick up the leash, pet him and urge him along with a piece of meat in front of his nose. If he is extremely obstinate, leave the leash on for a few hours. Try and try again. When you have triumphed give him more meat. Pet him and tell him he is a "Good dog!" Puppies can't be encouraged too much.

When he is easily handled on the leash it is time to teach him to come to heel. You may give the first lessons in your yard, but the finishing touches should be added in the street near passing automobiles. It is perhaps the most important thing he has to learn.

## "Good Dog!"—Is Yours?

By PARKHURST WHITNEY



"You leave me be!" This pup looks quite indignant that anyone should ask him why he is in a kettle, when his master put him there!

Your equipment is the leash and a cane with a crooked handle. The dog's place is on your right and about abreast. If he is the normally curious pup, he will want to be at the end of the leash, front, back, rear and sides. Each time he moves out of position draw him gently back with the



Prize winners in the New York "Mutt Parade," in which marched 1500 unpedigreed dogs and their owners. A "mutt" can be just as good a friend as a highly pedigreed dog—some boys think better!

crook of the stick, repeating always "To heel!" The next step is to walk him when you are equipped only with the cane. The last step, of course, is to discard the cane.

The dog's coat is, so to speak, his one and only suit of clothes, and it needs frequent cleaning and pressing if he is

to make a proper appearance in the world.

Now, the well-groomed dog is not a much-bathed dog. If certain things are done regularly and often, his coat can be kept in condition for months at a time without recourse to soap and water. There is a reason—a physiological reason. Man bathes frequently because his clothes are no barrier to dirt, and because he perspires freely, eliminating through his pores some of the waste products of the body. But a dog's skin is protected by a thick, close coat of hair, and he perspires only through his tongue, the pads of his feet, and his pigmented muzzle.

Take thumb and forefinger and pull at a dog's coat. Some hair will come out. In any dog's coat, at any time, there is always some dead hair, and some dogs have so much that they are disreputable sights.

If your dog is one of the short-haired breeds, your task is comparatively easy and can largely be done with a brush. But if he is an Airedale, a Scottie or a collie, a stripping comb is essential. It is made of steel.

Comb the dog from front to rear, never vice versa. Do a thorough job—throat, chest, neck, back, tail and legs. Go over him several times. Brush out the loose hair and all the dirt you can find and finish with a hand rubbing. At such times you can look for fleas, cuts and thorns in his pads. Examine his ears, too, and wash them with a damp cloth. Dirty ears are favorite nesting places of parasites.

The doggy smell, which may defy brushing and combing, can be eliminated by sponging with some clean-smelling antiseptic, diluted with water. Cedar sawdust or corn meal, dusted in the coat and brushed out, serves the same purpose.

The day will come, however, when a bath is imperative.

Use lukewarm water and a well-recommended dog soap. Wet the dog's coat thoroughly, except his head, which should be washed last. Work up a good, rich lather, always working from head to tail. If he has fleas, they will move to the rear, so that a little extra soaping is good for the root of the tail and the tail itself. Now go back to the head, which should be lathered and rinsed quickly, so that the soap will not get in his eyes. Then rinse his coat with dippers of clean water until every vestige of soap is removed.

Wrap him in a towel and rub him thoroughly dry.



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### FACT AND COMMENT

**FOOLS** pay just as much attention to the counsels of the wise as the wise pay to the words of fools.

IT IS SAID that two per cent of the human race do all the world's thinking. If that is so, we estimate that the really valuable thinking is done by something less than the Volstead Act percentage—one half of one per cent.

AN AMERICAN PIANO MANUFACTURER recently gratified his sentimental inclinations or his ideas of business enterprise by presenting to President Doumergue of France an expensive grand piano. At last accounts the piano was still in the hands of the customs officers at a French port, awaiting the payment of six thousand francs duty by Mr. Doumergue, who seems to be inclined to look that fish horse in the mouth rather searchingly.

GERMAN ATHLETICS used to be confined to student swordplay and the elaborate gymnastics of the Turnverein. But the republic seems to be developing a kind of athlete more nearly like our own. German runners have been winning more than their share of the prizes in British track meets, and Vincent Richards and Howard Kinsey are back from Germany with the news that the young German tennis-players bid fair to equal our best in a year or two.

### CHURCH AND STATE

AT many times and in many countries the proper relations between the religious and the political organizations of the people have been the subject of discussion, difference and even of war. Sometimes the theocratic system has prevailed, and the ministers of the Church have largely controlled the temporal power. At other times the State has asserted itself, and religion has been directed or persecuted by the authority of the government. Here in the United States we have from the first insisted on the separation of Church and State, each supreme in its own field, each forbidden to encroach on the field of the other. We believe that is the only way in which liberty of conscience can be preserved, and continual religious dissension avoided.

Mexico is now passing through a phase in its religious and political development which is shaking that country to its center and incidentally proving the dangers that attend the interference of the Church in political affairs or the domination of the State over religious activities. It is startling to us in the United States to read of a constitution that forbids any minister of religion not a native to conduct services, that denies the right of any church to own and control its own church building and makes the national government the owner of all church property, that forbids any priest or minister or church paper to comment in any way on public affairs, that dissolves every religious order in the country. To Americans that sounds like governmental tyranny of the most repulsive kind—and so it does to millions of Mexicans.

On the other hand, the Mexican President defends his decrees by accusing the Roman Catholic hierarchy of continual interference in political affairs and virtual conspiracy against the present form of government of Mexico. It is the Catholic Church that is principally affected by the policy of the

government, for Mexico is ninety per cent Catholic, and it is that church which alone is making protest against the decrees of President Calles and offering resistance to them.

It is difficult, almost impossible indeed, for us of the United States to comprehend the state of mind that has led to the unfortunate situation in Mexico, for the two countries, neighbors as they are, differ fundamentally in race, history, tradition and economic and social conditions. It is fair to say, however, that the conflict is between the forces of extreme conservatism and almost as extreme radicalism. The party now in power in Mexico is socialistic in theory and practice; its strength, like that of the soviet government in Russia, is among the industrial proletariat, and it exists as a protest against the selfish exploitation of the nation by the old régime of which Porfirio Diaz was so long the head. It distrusts the Church and even religion itself much as the Russian leaders distrust them, for the socialist suspects and dislikes every institution that has its roots in the past. And it means to keep its hand very firmly on the religious activities of the people in order that the churches shall not become a rallying place for those who oppose the new order and are the enemies of socialism and the all-powerful State.

What the outcome of the struggle will be we dare not predict. We do not fear that genuine religion will be suppressed in Mexico; we do not believe it can ever be permanently driven out of the hearts of men in any country. But we anticipate many years of internal dissension before the Mexicans learn the true principles of religious freedom and discover how to quiet the ambition of either State or Church to rule the other.

### WILD GAME

IT is interesting to notice that the farsighted men who have been pioneers in working for stricter game laws and a better enforcement of those already on the books are likely more and more to have the help of women's organizations. The New York City Federation of Women's Clubs devoted the whole of a recent session to considering means of conserving such of our wild life as still remains.

One of the most fascinating chapters in the history of America has never been written, or rather has been so scattered among many writers that it cannot be read as a whole. It is that in which lies wrapped the story of the part that the wild game of the continent played in the westward push of the pioneers and the rapid settlement of the country.

For two hundred years at least, wild game was the chief meat supply of our wide frontiers, and a considerable economic asset in the older settlements. It was so plenty that explorers could set forth with no other burden than a rifle and the ammunition for it, and pioneers could go, as Boone went, from the Yadkin, in North Carolina, to the Ohio and be gone two years without fear of starvation or even of any suffering from lack of food. Moose, deer, elk, bears and wild turkeys roamed the eastern forests in almost incredible numbers; and west of the Alleghenies were the buffalo and the antelope. Besides the larger animals there were rabbits, raccoons, squirrels, opossums, many kinds of grouse, and water fowl beyond estimate.

Nor was it only as food that the wild game of the country served the needs of the early settlers. Much of their clothing was made from the skins of deer and furbearing animals. Their beds were filled with the feathers of wild geese and covered with robes of buffalo, bear or wolf. They brushed the hearth with the wing of a wild turkey and wrote with a quill from the migratory swan or goose. Venison, salted or smoked, gave them meat during the winter, and furs and peltry were the medium of exchange by which they were enabled to buy what they could not themselves produce.

To make the matter more concrete, let us reckon that for twenty years fifty thousand settlers of a state got one fourth of their living from the use or sale of the flesh, hides, fur and feathers of wild animals and birds. Figuring the cost of living at two hundred dollars a year for each person would give us the sum of fifty million dollars as the harvest of rifle and trap. There are states in the Union that have yielded in game products upward of a million dollars a year for a hundred years or more.

It is evident, then, that we may justly reckon our wild game as having been one

of our great natural resources. Such of it as is left is just as much an asset now—in fact more, for scarcity has enhanced its value; and as an asset and a possession of all the people, it is worth conserving.

### IN THE STEPS OF THE PIONEERS

WHILE certain episodes in the streets of Paris gave disconcerting evidence of the prejudice that exists in France against Americans, a harmonious party of French and American schoolboys, winners in the oratorical contests sponsored by the American Good Will Association, were making an interesting and delightful trip across our continent in the footsteps of the daring Frenchmen who explored so great an extent of the Northwest.

If you have read the vivid books of Francis Parkman—do any other histories combine so wonderfully scholarly research with a fascinating narrative style?—you know how large a part the French missionaries, traders and soldiers from Quebec played in the exploration of the great heart of North America. To mention only a few, there were Father Jogues, the heroic missionary who died a martyr among the Mohawks to whom he wished to preach the gospel; Joliet and Marquette, who first saw the upper Mississippi, and whose rude map of the great Northwest drawn from memory is still in existence in Paris; La Salle and his fearless lieutenant Tonty, who first dreamed of a great empire in the valley of the Mississippi and underwent astonishing hardships in pioneering through that then savage wilderness; La Mothe Cadillac, whose name is forever associated with the great city of Detroit, which has grown up upon the site of his lonely palisades; Du Lhut, whose explorations in the Lake Superior country are commemorated in the name of Duluth; Father Hennepin, who first saw St. Anthony's Falls; the Verendrye brothers, who pushed far enough west to see the peaks of the Rocky Mountains; Nicollet, Radisson and Groseilliers, who ranged the country that is now Wisconsin and Minnesota.

To many of the boys, French and American, who have been traveling along the roads these courageous men first blazed through the forests of the West, the names of most of the pioneers of old France were probably unfamiliar until the contests of the American Good Will Association led them to the study of that romantic period. Few grown-up Americans even realize how important was the work of the French pioneers, not in Canada alone but in the territory that we now call the United States. The young travelers will return from their journey fully conscious of the importance of this early historical link between France and America. It would be helpful to us all at a time when a traditional friendship is being subjected to so unfortunate a strain if we read again the story of those far-off days and came to realize the part that these hardy, farsighted, adventurous Frenchmen took in opening paths into the wilderness where now live millions of prosperous American citizens.

### GOOD FELLOWSHIP

MOST men look back on their years in school and college as the period in which they found the meaning of good fellowship and learned to appreciate its value. Perhaps most men reviewing their school or college life discover in it nothing that was of greater permanent usefulness to them than the initiation into good fellowship and the experience of good fellowship that they then received. The making of friends, the pursuit of a worthy object in the company of congenial spirits, the sharing of joys and pleasures and also of troubles, doubts and difficulties were as valuable a part of their education as was the study of books.

Yet they were valuable only as they were incidental to the study of books. Unless the prior claims of that study were recognized, good fellowship inevitably degenerated in character and became merely fellowship in idleness and dissipation. The pursuit of a common worthy object is always the first essential to good fellowship.

The gangsters of towns and cities are men who are united in fellowship through a common interest in evil. Theirs is evil fellowship; it differs from good fellowship simply because it is based on the pursuit of a common evil object instead of a common good one. Fellowship that is based merely on a common pursuit of idleness is liable in the end to partake more of the character of evil fellowship than of good.

## THIS BULB WORLD

### A PAN-EUROPEAN STEEL TRUST

IT is reported that the principal manufacturers of steel in France, Germany, Luxemburg and Belgium have made a friendly agreement, fixing prices for their product, putting an end to competition between foreign and domestic manufacturers in the countries interested and allotting outside markets to the different steel concerns according to their productive capacity. This sort of arrangement has long been forecast, and grew originally out of the necessity of some understanding between French and German steel manufacturers, since France now has most of the available iron and Germany most of the suitable coking coal. It is believed that steel producers in Poland, Austria and Czecho-Slovakia will also be admitted to the trust, which will then control virtually the entire steel business in Europe. The British steel men took some part in the negotiations, but finally decided not to enter the trust. It is also reported that American manufacturers have some interest in the arrangement through their supply of capital to the revived steel industry in Germany.

### HERE IS SPEED

A SOUTH AMERICAN entomologist, Dr. C. H. T. Townsend, recently made some interesting statements to the Pan-American Scientific Congress concerning the speed in flight of a fly belonging to the genus *Cephenemyia*. This fly, which in the adult stage looks a good deal like a bumblebee, is in its larval stage a parasite in the noses or throats of certain species of deer. Doctor Townsend says the fly is the swiftest of all created things, and he estimates that it can fly four hundred yards in a second, or more than eight hundred miles an hour. "You see no form as they pass, but only a momentary blur or streak of color." Professor Townsend suggests that, if airplanes could be made to fly at this pace, one could circumnavigate the earth at the latitude of New York between dawn and dusk of a single midsummer day. He adds, "It is certain that what has been attained by animals in the way of locomotion can be equaled by machines. The whole matter is a problem in mechanics." And he advises a careful study of the mechanical principles involved in the structure of the *Cephenemyia*.

### THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION IN GERMANY

THE Germans are taking counsel concerning the possibility of checking the abuse of liquor in their country. Prohibition is not suggested, and even a rather moderate local-option law was defeated in the Reichstag last spring. But the Marx ministry has in hand a bill, which is supported by the powerful Socialist party at least, by which the number of liquor licenses would be reduced, the amount of liquor sold to any consumer strictly limited, and the sale of cigarettes or liquor to minors prohibited.

### THE NEW SCHARNHORST

JUST as Scharnhorst rebuilt the Prussian army after its disastrous defeats by Napoleon and laid the foundation for the military dominance of Germany in the nineteenth century, so General von Seeckt is reconstituting a German army and laying the foundation, as he hopes, for fresh military glory for that country. He is the commander of the Reichswehr and has at present only one hundred thousand men to work with, but it is said he is training those men so carefully that all of them will in the end be competent to command regiments or at least companies. Von Seeckt is said to be the most popular figure in Germany, and he has the confidence of the people as no politician and no other army officer has it. He has no political entanglements and belongs to no party, but devotes himself singleheartedly to building up a body of men who can, when the time comes that Germany is no longer bound by the restrictions of the Versailles treaty, undertake the training and command of a great national army.

### BAHAMAS STORM-SWEPT

MIDSUMMER is the time for tropical storms, but few tempests have ever caused such destruction as the one that



visited the Bahama Islands in the closing days of July. The hurricane swept over Nassau with extraordinary fury, causing in all eight million dollars' damage to buildings and crops and taking the lives of several hundred people. Most of these victims were drowned when their little sailing craft were upset. Many were so lost in Nassau harbor, and at least eighty vessels of the sponge-fishing fleet were sunk at the reefs. A number of schooners said to be engaged in liquor smuggling were also wrecked and their crews drowned. The same storm did a great deal of damage along the Florida coast, from Miami northward.

## MISCELLANY

## September



The Husking Bee

Within the barn where lanterns lit the dusk  
They gathered, man and woman, youth and maid,  
To strip the yellow ears of silk and husk,  
To sport and frolic while the fiddler played.

Arthur Guiterman

## THE HIGHER QUEST

On the last day that Jesus was in the temple in Jerusalem, one of his disciples who had a Greek name, Philip, was approached by some Greek visitors, who said, "Sir, we would see Jesus." It was evidently more than idle curiosity, that prompted them. Their request evoked from Jesus an exclamation of surprising interest: "The hour is come, that the Son of man should be glorified." It was not this incident alone that was to glorify Him, and much that was to occur immediately seemed for his humiliation and not his glory; but the coming of these men of foreign birth was the occasion of that remarkable utterance.

These men had quite possibly seen the Parthenon; whether they lived in Athens or not, they were men who traveled. In whatever part of Greece they resided they knew the religious system for which the Parthenon stood. They may have climbed the Acropolis and stood within the miracle of Pentelic marble which even as a battered ruin is one of the wonders of the world. They may have seen the image of Diana that was said to have fallen from heaven, and that was the pride of Ephesus. In a hundred temples they may have seen far more of beauty than anyone could show them in Jerusalem.

They had seen imperial Rome. If they had not visited the Eternal City itself, they had at least seen abundant manifestation of her authority. In her various subcapitals and colonies the Roman spirit displayed its power and majesty. If mere respect for order, if reverence for governmental organization, could have satisfied, these men had not been where they were or seeking what they sought.

They had seen nature. They had traveled by land and sea and had looked upon ocean and volcano along the Mediterranean coast.

And they had seen the temple in Jerusalem. They were not mere Gentiles. They were probably what are known as "proselytes of the gate." They had turned their backs on polytheism and had learned the beauty of the moral law.

But they were not satisfied. And Jesus felt that their desire to see Him was prophetic of the dawning faith of other men of like spirit.

The man of today has seen what men never saw before. He has seen nature subdued and brought under the hand of man as none of his forebears has beheld it. He has seen the span of life lengthened, and the whole course of history changed. He has seen space explored and mysteries revealed. He has witnessed the spread of intelligence and the growth of invention. But his heart is not satisfied. The better instincts of human life still seek for something beyond material progress. Men need now as they

needed then peace, joy and righteousness. In their hearts they seek Jesus.

## SUGAR IN THE DIET

DURING the Boer War at the end of the last century it was observed that the soldiers who ate freely of chocolate and other sweets bore up against the fatigue of long marches better than their fellows. It was that which prompted Queen Victoria once to send to each soldier in South Africa a small box of chocolate. Not enough chocolate fell to the lot of each soldier to sustain his energies for a very long period, but the Queen's gift was a good hygienic gesture.

Shortly before the Great War experiments conducted in the German army confirmed the experience of the previous war. They showed that a certain increase of sugar in the ration was useful in enabling the troops to make forced marches without great fatigue. Even more conclusive was the result of an examination of the blood of Marathon contestants, showing that in the exhausted runners at the end of the race it contained a lower percentage of sugar than normal. The following year the men were supplied with sugar to consume during the race, with the result that they finished in far better condition than formerly.

Physiologists tell us that as a rule work is not done at the expense of the muscular substance, but through the energy liberated by the fats and carbohydrates in the body. Hence laborers and others engaged in hard physical work need more carbohydrates in their food (breadstuffs and starchy foods are, of course, the equivalent of sugar) than do those whose daily occupation, or non-occupation, calls for a smaller expenditure of energy. An interesting example of the guidance of instinct in matters of health is the great increase in the consumption of candy and of sweet drinks in this country since prohibition has made the production of beer, which contains a great deal of carbohydrate, illegal. Deprived of this source of carbohydrate, beer-drinkers have turned to sugar to take its place.

For the growing child protein is necessary to build up the tissues, and candy in quantity is harmful since it tends to reduce the appetite for stronger food; but for the adult starchy foods and even a moderate amount of chocolate or other candy may well take the place of meat, at one or two meals at least.

## AUNT DIANTHA GETS HER RAISINS

"WHEN my wife's talked about so long," Caleb Peaslee remarked despondently, "about any contrivance she wants for the house, and I haven't paid any more 'tention than to say, 'Yes,' or 'I'll see about it,' she'll say somethin' about Aunt Dianthy Wells's way—and that fetches me 'round right off."

Deacon Hyne opened his mouth to say something, but as he was slow of speech Caleb had begun again before he could utter a word.

"Jest now, and for mebbe a couple of weeks back along," Caleb said, "she's been telling me that she needed new stuff for window curtains in the fore room; to be honest, she's said right out that she meant to have 'em, and she told me how much they'd cost. But I ain't felt just like goin' down into my pocket for the money. This mornin' she said, if she didn't have 'em between now and Saturday, I'd think Aunt Dianthy had come to life—and then I realized the time'd come when I'd got to part with the money she wants."

"What about this Aunt Dianthy?" the deacon asked. "I never heard of her. Who was she, anyhow?"

"She was the wife of old Hiram Wells," Caleb replied, "and he was about the most sparlin' man with money ever lived round here—and that's some test'monial, Hyne. This time I have in mind Aunt Dianthy was goin' to have some of her folks come to see her for the first time in about twenty years; and naturally she wanted to set out a specially good table. But Hiram, he sot his face against it like flint."

"What's good 'nough for me and mine," he says, 'is as good's I c'n afford to set out for comp'ny.'

"Aunt Dianthy argued with him some and even went so far's to claim she worked as hard or harder'n he did to git money off the farm; but in them days the man of the place mostly handled what money come in and doled it out as he saw fit. But Aunt Dianthy had a stubborn streak, as you will see."

(Continued on page 626)



## FAMOUS WINNING PLAYS OF FOOT BALL



## Roper's Princeton Long Pass

This Princeton forward pass as developed by Coach Bill Roper is one of the most spectacular plays seen on any gridiron. This particular formation has been specially effective against Harvard. Only a fast and resourceful defense can stop this pass short of a gain.

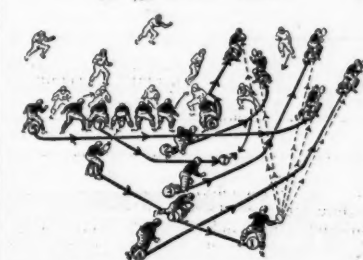
The theory of this play is to confuse the defense. At a signal, before the ball is put in play, No. 6 and No. 4 hop up on scrimmage line, or if it is desired to make left tackle eligible, No. 4 and No. 5 hop up, No. 6 staying back. No. 5 is outside of No. 4 in this case. No. 4 is not eligible to receive pass.

Center passes direct to No. 1, who stands well back.

In the group on the right No. 4 goes straight down the field, No. 3 crosses to the outside while No. 5 cuts to the inside, moves that tend to confuse the secondary defense.

Left end, No. 6, goes down deep or steps just across the line and in either case may receive the ball if the passer sees he is uncovered.

Another variation to the play is to have No. 2, the player near center, run slowly to the right and take a short pass if the opportunity is favorable.



## Lou Young's University of Pennsylvania Pass

The University of Pennsylvania forward pass as developed by Coach Lou Young is notable for its deception. This play should have a big percentage of gains.

In the lineup the ends are wide. One back is on the left close to center. Two are on the right, while the fourth is about five yards behind center.

Center passes ball direct to No. 1, who runs back not too fast.

No. 4 starts quickly and goes far out to the right.

No. 3 heads to the right and cuts in down field.

No. 2 goes for defensive end, checks him and continues down field.

Left end No. 5 comes over quickly and takes position just over the line for a short pass.

Left guard No. 7 leaves position and comes back to protect the passer.

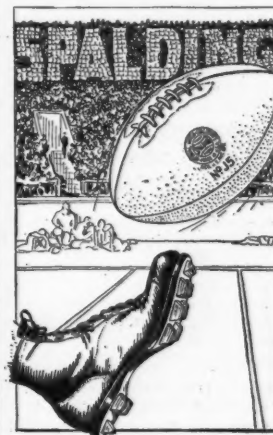
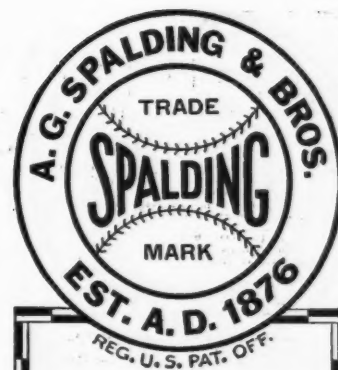
Left tackle should block defensive guard, who otherwise could follow No. 7 in.

Right end No. 6 checks defensive tackle, then goes down field for the pass.

As shown in accompanying diagram, the play puts four men in one zone for the pass.

Courtesy Bell Syndicate, Inc.

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FINISHED MODEL

LESSON No. 9

## THE SQUIRREL

BY MARGARET J. POSTGATE

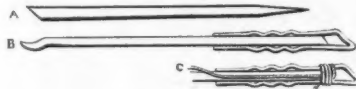


TOP

ABOUT the busiest little thing in the woods this month is Mr. Squirrel. The thrifty little chap is scurrying about, gathering his supply of nuts for the winter and storing them away in a convenient place.

To make him, hold your cake of Ivory Soap in an upright position and on the sides mark the outline of your squirrel. With your knife cut away the soap up to the dotted lines. Do the same with the front and back.

You now have a squirrel in the rough, (and don't be discouraged if it looks very rough). Now you will need your wooden or wire tool to shave him down to the finished model. Remember to turn the soap often and to shave off a very little at one time. You will notice that the front paws are a little below the upper quarter of your soap and the joints are at the center division where they meet at the top of the hind legs. When you have made your model look as much like the drawings as possible use the point of your wooden tool to put in the markings of the eyes, nose, mouth, claws and tail.

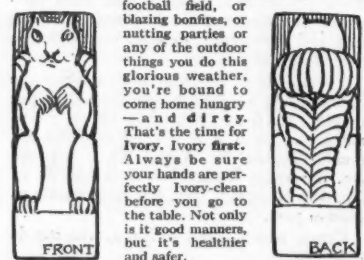


**YOUR TOOLS**—Penknife or paring knife; one orange stick with bludge and pointed ends (wooden tool A); one orange stick with hairpin bent, as shown (B) tied to the end of the stick and filed sharp (C and D, wire tool).

**Your materials**—A cake of Ivory Soap, laundry size preferably.

**Don't forget**—Save all your shavings for your mother. She can use them for the dishes or to launder her finest things.

**AND REMEMBER**—After the scrimmage on the football field, or blazing bonfires, or nutting parties, or any of the outdoor things you do this glorious weather, you're bound to come home hungry—and dirty. That's the time for Ivory. Ivory first.



The Ivory way is a pleasant way of chasing dirt and germs. You always have the same nice, white, pure, fresh-smelling cake. And of course, it floats!

### IVORY SOAP

99 1/100% PURE IT FLOATS

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(Continued from page 625)

"One day Hiram had to be gone all one day, carryin' a grist to the mill to have it ground; and when he come home there was a lot of parcels in the store-room that weren't there when he went away in the mornin'. So he asked into the matter—and his wife sot her lips and told him.

"They're things I've got together to give my folks a fittin' set-out," she said. 'There's white sugar, for sweetenin', and there's bought coffee instead of parched corn, and there's rice and white flour—and there's some raisins. And if you want to know where I found the money,' she says, 'I c'n tell you. I figger I've got a half ownership in everything there is on this place; so I sold a calf today for three dollars, and I used some of the money to buy these things with—and the rest of it I've put away to have when I can't make out to beg what I need out of you,' she says.

"Well, Hiram was so overcome all he c'd do was to fall back in his chair and sort of gasp.

"Three dollars!" he says, feeble-like. "That calf was wuth five dollars in money—more'n that, if I took it in trade at the store."

"I know it," she says, "but that two dollars you've lost is just to punish you for bein' so niggardly about every cent. I c'd have dickered and got the two dollars," she says, "but I wouldn't. I'd only be layin' it up in your pocket," she says, "where it wouldn't do me any good. So I sold it at a bargain," she says, "and saved my time. And now, the next time I tell you I want anything mebber you'll pay some 'tention!"

"And Hiram jest drew a long sigh, he was so put aback; all he could say was: 'Sell a five-dollar calf for three dollars! And then buy raisins with it! Don't,' he says, rollin' his eyes up in his head and lookin' pitiful, 'don't that woman want a bosom-pin?'

"But Aunt Dianthy got what she wanted—and it cost Hiram double what it would if he'd listened to her—and my wife's got more res'lution than ever Aunt Dianthy had."

### WHEN THE BRUTUS SHIPPED A BIG SEA

IN the old days at sea, when the present means of preserving fresh food were unknown, vessels often carried quite an assortment of live stock, and as sailors are proverbially fond of pets, and the captain might perhaps have his dog or his wife her cat, the animals aboard were decidedly numerous for such cramped quarters. Captain Whidden, an old-time sailor, relates how, during a voyage in the fifties, his captain—for he himself was then only a mate—while passing down the Bay of Bengal in the ship Brutus, conceived the idea of a model house for the stock, to lessen the number of coops and pens with which the deck was badly encumbered. It was quite an extensive and ingenious affair, with very large coops that drew out and pushed in like a chest of drawers. On one side were kept the geese, on the other the ducks; and there was accommodation also for chickens. In the center were the goats, while the upper part was devoted to pigeons, which roosted on the joists and flew about the ship, always returning at night to their coop. The pigs were kept in large sties forward. The crew had accumulated an unusual number of pets upon the trip; cockatoos, parrots, mynas and Java sparrows hung in cages from every possible point, and there were also several monkeys that had the run of the ship.

"Just off Cape Agulhas," says Captain Whidden, "the Brutus took a sharp, short gale with a very high sea. Half an hour passed when, glancing up from something I was about, I saw towering high above the bulwarks a great curling wave just ready to break. With a yell to the men to look out for themselves, I seized a piece of running gear, passed several turns of it about my body, and grabbed a spare spar. The next instant the crash came. Driving with the force and fury of an avalanche, the wave swept over us, starting the forward house, filling the decks with water, and knocking the model stock house into smithereens. The live stock were in a moment swimming and floating all about the deck.

"Finding that no one was injured or swept overboard, all hands were ordered to save the stock. So, wading into the water and grabbing what they could lay their hands on, the crew threw geese, chickens, ducks and pigeons down the cabin companionway. But a lot of the fowl were lost.

"I had taken with me on that voyage my dog Dash. In bad weather he usually took up

his quarters in my stateroom, the door to which was a sliding one. This had accidentally been left open, but some one had closed it later, and on opening it again when I went below to change my wet clothes a comical sight met my eyes.

"My pillow was occupied by a big goat, which glared defiance at the dog, which stood at the foot of the berth. A pig reclined in the center, while all round were chickens, geese and pigeons wringing wet. Everything in the room, bedding and bedclothes, was soaked, and about six inches of water washed about the floor."

The assistance of several members of the crew was requisite to lead, herd, shoo or carry, as the case required, the undesired refugees from the quarters they had usurped before the disgusted owner could even reconvert them from a wading pool to a cabin, much less overhaul his lockers in the dubious hope of finding something dry to put on.

### DINING WITH THE GREAT

IT is no new discovery that well-trained servants are much more conventional in their views on manners than the ladies and gentlemen are who employ them. But this little story that we find in the Boston Herald illustrates the fact amusingly.

In the early 1880's there came to Paris a clever, kindly, humorous young Scotchman, sent there to study painting by the then old Duchess of Roxburgh, on whose estate he had been born. His people were her tenants. One day he came into the restaurant in the Rue de Buci in wild excitement. "My Duchess" was in Paris. He was to dine with her tomorrow evening at her hotel in the Place Vendôme. He had nothing fit to wear. We encouraged him. One lent him a plastron shirt, another a near-new tie, and so on. According to his account later, he spent the next morning rubbing his one suit with turpentine to get rid of the paint spots, and the afternoon in the sun and wind of the Luxembourg Gardens to get rid of the smell of the turpentine.

Her Grace was most gracious when dinner was announced. He remembered to offer her his arm. They went in to dine in a private room where she was served on her own silver by her own men in the Roxburgh livery. Her Grace told him all the news of home. He was very happy until he saw a look of horror on a servant's face; then he realized he was holding up the silver soup plate (engraved with the Roxburgh arms) and polishing it with his napkin as one always did in the Rue de Buci. The man was frozen stiff. Her Grace was chatting away, not minding anything. Her Grace wouldn't.

"I didn't mind Her Grace; she knew I wasn't a gentleman; but I nearly died of the look her flunky gave me."

### THE COLLEGE HUMORIST OFFERS THIS

SWEET Young Thing: "And how did you win your D. S. C.?"

Tuff Old Sojer: "I saved the lives of my entire regiment."

S. Y. T.: "Wonderful! And how did you do that?"

T. O. S.: "I shot the cook."  
—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

### THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

Editor's Note: There are so many motion pictures; how can any family tell which are really worth seeing? The following list, revised every week, contains the pictures which The Youth's Companion recommends to you, as clean and interesting. We cannot express any opinion about other pictures which are shown on the same programme.

### THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BLUE-RIBBON LIST

**Grass**—Paramount  
The epic story of the wanderings of a Persian tribe in search of pasture for their herds. Unusually fine.

**My Old Dutch**—Universal  
A quaint costermonger tale of parental sacrifice, and a child's need of love, not riches. Pat O'Malley.

**Mike**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer  
The comic adventures of an Irish section-boss and his children. Sally O'Neill and William Haines.

**Ella Cinders**—First National  
The ever-appealing story of Cinderella in a very modern setting. Colleen Moore.

**The Savage**—First National  
A scientist's hoax and a make-believe wild man produce some good fun. Ben Lyon and May McAvoy.

**Behind the Front**—Paramount  
A rollicking farce among the doughboys of the A.E.F. Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton.

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### Have your Plans been changed for September?

If so, and you are looking for a good professional school, or a preparatory school, write for information.

Many schools have been visited in the interests of our school department, that information to be passed on later to our subscribers. We will be glad to have you write to us.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION  
8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.  
I would like to have information about.....

.....type of school

for { Boys } located in.....

State. My age is..... Will you kindly send me information.

Name.....

Address.....



## So Ruth Is Going Away To School

thought, to go to bed at quarter to ten, and almost "cruel" to be awakened at seven by a noisy and unfeeling gong. Such harsh treatment was almost unknown at home. She wondered in a troubled way if they took her for a child. There arose in her a feeling of resentment. Then something mysterious happened, and almost without her noticing it, her resentment vanished. Her friendships among the older girls had something to do with this, but what was probably most responsible was a discovery or two she made for herself. Ten o'clock and seven o'clock meant the same things to all the other girls that they meant to her. Going to bed early *did* have its compensations, after being out of doors all afternoon. All this distasteful regularity, she began to see, had a reason behind it. She had to admit it made her feel better.

One change followed another. In some miraculous way Ruth grew stronger and more sure of herself. In the commonplace things of life, too, she discovered new attractions. Her letters had shown this even before the Christmas of her first year away. She wrote often of home; she said she had never fully appreciated home before. When the days of vacation came, she found the old-fashioned house that Father and Mother had once dreamed over and built together, warm and hospitable, a place good to live in and good to entertain in. Ruth seemed now to have become a better companion for Father and Mother, and for her own friends. Life in a new environment had helped her to understand people. It had brought her new interests and new contacts. Her conversation and her manner showed it. It was not simply that Ruth was growing older, it was rather that the whole subtle influence of school life with its "give and take", and its emphasis upon unselfish living with others, had equipped her better to understand the world, and to live more happily with its people.

"So Ruth is going away to school" is a phrase that will always bring back to her in the future a memory of valued experience. Every September as many Ruths, Marys and Ediths leave for their first year at Boarding School she will share with them again their experiences, knowing that those who have chosen wisely will prove again the old truth that new influences and new environment reveal for a girl latent sources of strength and new fields for growth. She will remember that strength of body, poise and ease of manner will be added with the intellectual attainments, and she will share again the rejoicing when she hears the phrase "Yes, she's really going away to school!"

"Window Wishing" came first. For a long time Ruth silently worshipped the thought of going away to school, and with wonder and admiration looked up to the older girls she knew who had been away. This was while Ruth was very young. A few years later, when she had outgrown the mud pies and doll houses that had so amused her as a little girl, there had come one great day when Father and Mother had confided plans that interested and excited her. The period of mere "window wishing" was at an end. The postman called more often now. In quick succession came letters, picture booklets, and catalogues. There followed a time of uncertainty, a period of writing and reading letters, of visiting and asking questions, and at last, and with great relief, came the selection of a school.

For weeks the family and all the near relatives lived in a state of happy excitement. "Ruth is going away to school!" The neighbors and girl friends took up the cry, "Going away to school! You lucky girl!" Busy days of shopping flew by. Mid-September came and went. Then, almost before she knew it, Ruth, her Father and Mother, had climbed into the family car and were speeding along country roads and away. There were so many impressions new and strange packed into the few short hours between home and school that it all seemed like a whirling dream.

Confused, Ruth came to herself in the midst of confused noises, the sound of doors being opened and shut, the welcome odor of food, laughs of greeting, the excited buzz of girls' voices. Father and Mother had gone. She was at school! For many years after, the excitement of that first adventure lighted up a corner of Ruth's memory with a kindly glow. There were many things to look back on and smile over. Her roommate (she had wondered what a roommate would be like); the first look into her room and the view down from her window; the old girl next door who had helped her so much to get into the swing of the school—all these impressions clung in later years. Like other precious bits of her school life, they became for her a store of treasure to pore over with wonder and delight.

But during these first few days Ruth found many customs at school strange and mildly disturbing. What most annoyed her was the bells. It was "childish," she



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## THE Y. C. LAB

The National Society for Ingenious Boys



This seal on manufactured products certifies tests made by the Y. C. Lab

### Member Holtby Wins the Third Quarterly \$100 Award



**M**EMBER Holtby's latest project is the design and construction of a motion-picture camera. This is not a toy. It takes pictures on standard movie film. Anyone who understands the exacting requirements that must be met in building such a machine will appreciate Member Holtby's constructional ability. We have received some of his exposed film at this office. The quality of his product proves that the camera is admirably constructed.

The total purchases for material consisted of one pair of gears. Member Holtby attempted to avoid making this expenditure by using a discarded egg-beater, but soon found that these gears would not run true enough. All other parts were obtained from a junk pile or made by Member Holtby in his laboratory. The bearings and film-gate were cast out of Babbitt metal.

It is, of course, necessary to have some sort of projector in order to show the pictures taken. Member Holtby conceived this exceedingly clever scheme. He removes the back of his camera and by attaching a reflector and head-light bulb as a light source he has a complete projector. Usually a separate machine is used for this purpose. He has shown considerable ingenuity in developing this feature, and the Y. C. Lab is pleased to know that it was of assistance to Member Holtby in making a timely suggestion in connection with the idea.

#### The Secretary's Notes

**T**HE Y. C. Lab at Wollaston, Mass., is now in full swing in anticipation of the busy winter. Many projects are being investigated, and the products of a number of manufacturers are undergoing tests for our official approval. This stamp of approval is given to particularly meritorious products. No person need hesitate in purchasing an article if it bears the Y. C. Lab seal. It has been thoroughly tested under actual working conditions.

It is gratifying to the Director to note how many of our Associate Members, who were not elected at their first application, sent in a second project and have now been elected and are winning prizes. In all elections the age of the Applicant is taken into consideration.

#### Membership Coupon

The coupon below will bring you full information regarding Membership in the Y. C. Lab. It is a National Society for Ingenious Boys interested in any phase of electricity, mechanics, radio, engineering, model construction, and the like. Election to Associate Membership makes any boy eligible for the Special, Weekly and Quarterly Awards of the society, entitles him to receive its bulletins and to ask any question concerning mechanical and construction matters in which he is interested, free of charge. The cost of these services to non-members ranges from twenty-five cents to five dollars. To Associates and Members there are no fees or dues of any kind.

The Director, Y. C. Lab  
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy ..... years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me full particulars and an application blank on which I may submit my name for Associate Membership in the Y. C. Lab.

Name .....  
Address .....



**A**N electric generator consists essentially of a bundle of wires rotating in a magnetic field. First of all, a suitable piece of apparatus is necessary; and second, a means of rotating the armature must be provided.

Member Holtby was in need of a generator for operating an electric lamp and other small apparatus for electrical experiments. He obtained a discarded magneto from an old automobile, and upon examination it proved to be suitable for his purposes. The magneto was then subjected to a thorough cleaning and overhauling. In order to rotate the armature Member Holtby decided to attach a propeller to the shaft and operate it as a windmill. Since the power available from a small air propeller is not large, it was necessary to cut down friction in the generator to a minimum. Therefore, the armature bearings were carefully refitted and lined.

Member Holtby now attached the generator to a wooden block and attached the tail which heads the propeller toward the wind. Since the motion of the generator around its axis of support, due to the change in the direction of the wind, would soon entangle any wires leading to the room below, Member Holtby designed a ring to overcome the difficulty. This ring is concentric with the axis of support and serves as a lead for the current.

The complete generator shows an output voltage of from two to six volts, depending upon the velocity of the wind. This is a desirable range to use in performing electrical experiments. By the addition of a suitable "cut-out" box the generator can be used to charge storage batteries.

Member Holtby's project is more than a toy. The advent of electric refrigerators and similar devices which require only a small amount of power for their operation opens up a new field for the use of windmill generators. In principle these will operate in the same way as Member Holtby's equipment and will be installed where the winds are fairly uniform.

### Member Holtby's Windmill Generator— The Prize-Winning Project

**T**HE name of Fulton Holtby (15) of 14 Madison Avenue, Geneva, N. Y., is well known to many members of the Y. C. Lab. On February 12, 1926, he was elected Associate Member, his project being a Telegraph Set. Previous to his election, he had constructed a laboratory. Two friends became interested, and Y. C. Lab Headquarters was soon notified that Associate Members Bruce Ladd and Bud Sharpe had joined hands with Member Holtby. The laboratory was named the Y. C. Lab of Geneva. Since that time Member Holtby has consistently surprised the Director and Governors by the fertility of his inventions, the variety of his projects and the ingenuity with which he adapts old machinery into new and useful tools.

Member Holtby made a rubber stamp to serve as a letter-head, and, with the aid of a typewriter which was salvaged from a fire and which was overhauled and reconditioned by him, letters began to arrive at Y. C. Lab Headquarters in an exceedingly business-like fashion.

Projects immediately began to be received from Member Holtby. In rapid succession we received a storage battery charger, experimental spark coils, a turning lathe and life masks. The Director and Gover-

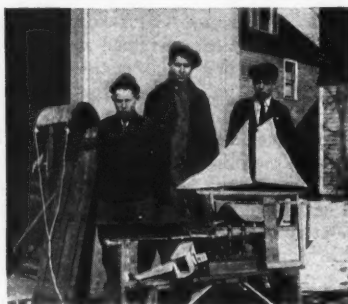
nors, recognizing Member Holtby's ability to build not only things but an organization, elected him to Membership on May 6, 1926, with the granting of a special \$5.00 Award in recognition of his several meritorious projects. At this time Associate Member Constant Hyna joined the Y. C. Lab staff at Geneva.

This Quarterly Award of \$100.00 is made for successful work in a field which is attracting considerable interest from inventors and manufacturers. The idea of obtaining power from the wind has always been appealing. It is true that the amount of power which is capable of being derived from this source by a single generator is not large. By operating twenty-four hours per day and storing up the accumulated energy in a storage battery, many practical uses can be found for Member Holtby's apparatus.

In all his work Member Holtby has kept in close touch with the Y. C. Lab. We have helped him by answering questions and giving advice. He has helped us by telling of his projects and plans.

We shall not venture to forecast Member Holtby's future career. He has done a great deal and done it faster than most.

The Y. C. Lab will encourage and help any boy of this type.



**T**HE three boys reading from left to right are Associate Member Bruce Ladd, Member Fulton Holtby and Associate Member Bud Sharpe. The projects shown are the toboggan, raceboat, sailboat, bomber plane, cedar chest with candlesticks and a chemical scale.



**M**EMBER Holtby made this toboggan from an old cheese box and some strips of oak flooring. The cheese box, which was 12 inches in diameter, was cut in two and the two halves bolted together. This completed unit was reinforced with some oak strips to prevent bending and breaking. Six pieces of the flooring, 50 inches long, were now fastened together by means of crosspieces to form the base of the toboggan. The center and rear crosspieces now act as supports for three more lengthwise strips which make the seat. At the forward end the bend formed by the cheese box was firmly attached. Two brace-chains run from the top of the bend to the lower joint. This stiffens the construction. The bottom of the toboggan was, of course, well sandpapered to make it as smooth as possible.

If you have never tried tobogganing, and live where snow and hills are plentiful, you can look forward to lots of fun next winter. Toboggans are expensive to buy ready-made. Member Holtby did not feel as though he could afford to buy one. In fact, he would much rather make his own. You can do the same. The materials he has chosen can be obtained by every boy with very little trouble or expense. The construction is not difficult. Member Holtby deserves particular credit for his ability in the selection of materials and for his design.

#### Contest Announcement

**C**HRISTMAS seems a long way off, but it is not too early to plan for it. An examination of our project files has shown the Director that our membership is capable of designing and building many kinds of toys which would make excellent gifts. We want your plans for such projects and have therefore decided to announce THE TOY CONSTRUCTORS' CONTEST.

#### Rules of the Toy Constructors' Contest

1. A first prize of \$10.00 and three second prizes of \$5.00 each will be awarded for the best plans and descriptions of toys that Y. C. Lab Members can build.
2. To receive consideration in this special contest all projects must be received on or before October 15, 1926.
3. Constructional details must be complete. Either a sketch or a photograph must accompany the description.
4. Only Members, Associate Members and Applicants are eligible to compete for awards. If you are not yet an Applicant, use the coupon on this page.
5. The prize winners will be notified as soon as the awards are made, and their projects will be published on the Y. C. Lab page before Christmas.

The project you submit does not have to be a complicated piece of mechanism in order that it may receive an award. In fact, it is the purpose of this contest to make awards for projects that can be built by every Y. C. Lab Member with the aid of ordinary tools and easily obtained material.

Be sure that your description is complete, so that others can readily understand your construction. You can be certain of its completeness by having some one else read it over before you mail it. Neatness and thoroughness are always taken into consideration in making any award.



# The Boys Who Made Radio

6—MAJOR EDWIN H. ARMSTRONG

By EARL REEVES

WHEN Marconi first spanned the Atlantic in 1901 there was a blue-eyed boy who had recently moved from New York City to a house on a hilltop in Yonkers, N. Y., and who listened to the story of the miracle in round-eyed wonder.

When he was fifteen this boy started his study of wireless. When he was sixteen Dr. Lee De Forest invented the audion tube, and he heard also of that and wondered if one of the magic bulbs would ever be his own.

Doggedly he worked trying to master the then very new art of wireless. He sought out books dealing with the subject. "I used to wonder," he told me, "how boys got a start in science."

He was to answer his own question. Many a tussle he had with huge box kites, sending them aloft to carry an antenna. On one exciting occasion he strung a wire from the top of the Palisades to a boat anchored in the Hudson River below, to get a five-hundred-foot antenna for a test. A new high-powered station had been opened in Ireland, and he and another old-time amateur had the wild idea that they might hear it.

You will remember that De Forest's audion tube was looked upon as merely "a piece of glass," and that no one saw any commercial possibilities in it for a long while. This boy we speak of here was nearly twenty years old and was enrolled as a student of electrical engineering at Columbia University before he owned one of the tubes. Some of his professors said he was not a very good all-round student. Some things didn't interest him. Luckily two of the Columbia professors, Morton Arendt and Frank Mason, were sufficiently interested to give him what are called "charity passing marks" and the facilities of the instrument laboratory.

Then one day he made a certain connection—"accidentally," he says. He got results he had no right to get. He started from that point to find out why the thing had happened and what it meant. And, like Marconi, he had made a great invention before he was twenty-two years old.

## "Feedback Armstrong"

Screwed down in a box where no one could see it, was a radio set which contained a single De Forest tube, and which was five thousand times as sensitive as the crystal sets then generally used. That set of young Armstrong's, when its principles were explained, won him a nickname. He was called "Feedback Armstrong." To strip the explanation of technicalities, he had discovered a way of sending an incoming wireless impulse, or current, back through the same tube many times, greatly magnifying it.

He made this invention fourteen years ago, in 1912. Then it was a "toy." He wanted to patent it, but John Armstrong had sent his son to Columbia to become an electrical engineer, and he was afraid that, if the young man patented this "plaything," he would lose interest in his studies. So the father would not help. Young Armstrong went hopefully to an uncle, and he also doubted its value and would not furnish money.

Consider, then, that Armstrong patents sold later for half a million dollars, plus a royalty on each set manufactured, and that this is said to have made him a millionaire.

The uncle told young Armstrong, however, that he could protect himself by making a diagram of his invention and having it witnessed before a notary. In case of legal doubt, that would prove that he had invented this new thing first. As is usual, there were lawsuits about the invention; but while the lawyers were still fighting we entered the war, and a truce was agreed



MAJOR ARMSTRONG  
"I used to wonder how boys got a start in science"

to in the legal battle. "Feedback Armstrong" became Captain Armstrong, radio expert of Uncle Sam's signal corps; in the A. E. F. later he became Major Armstrong.

There, behind the lines, the Major was handed what was believed to be an unsolvable problem.

"Find a way," his superiors said, "to listen to the messages wireless from one unit to another on very short wave lengths just beyond No Man's Land."

All the world could listen to the big German wireless stations as they sent out long strings of numbers in an intricate code that concealed orders to armies, orders to diplomats and orders to spies. They could also listen to a large number of the stations in the field. But immediately behind the lines were little wireless instruments that spoke in whispers. These instruments sent on very short wave lengths; and they used just enough power to reach one mile, two miles, five miles—but not enough to be received effectively by the Allies. The radio whisperers told of movements of supplies and of men—and gave warning of attacks.

## The "Super-Her"

To be able to hear all these whisperers would mean the saving of many thousands of American lives; but none knew of a method sufficiently sensitive whereby wireless oscillations of as high as three million to the second—indeed, isn't it?—could be translated into sound. I will not pretend to try to tell you what Major Armstrong did, but he invented a new circuit that would hear all these German whisperers.

By the time that Armstrong had returned to America the notary who had witnessed his invention and another important witness in the case were dead—and the signature on Armstrong's certified description of his invention apparently was not the signature of the notary. Yet with his own eyes Armstrong had seen the paper signed. The mystery was solved and the case saved when it was discovered later that the notary used a flourishing signature on important papers and a scrawl on personal correspondence and on unimportant papers. When "Feedback" Armstrong thought the time was ripe he appeared before the Institute of Radio Engineers and told about his second big invention. The new set he had described was the "super-heterodyne circuit"—the Rolls-Royce of radio.

He continued working, and one night when the thermometer hovered around zero he opened a window of his workroom high above the Hudson, and neighbors a quarter of a mile away heard the music picked up by a new Armstrong set, though their windows were tightly closed. In due time, Armstrong went before the Institute to demonstrate this, his third big invention. To the amazement of the audience of experts, he filled a hall one hundred fifty feet long with music from a one-tube set.

He called this "super-regeneration." Some of the radio writers called it "Armstrong's flivver."

This is what he has done: He made a one-tube regenerative set that was five thousand times as sensitive as a crystal set! His eight- or ten-tube super-heterodyne may be one hundred thousand times as sensitive as his first invention, or half a million times as sensitive as a crystal set. And finally, according to a calculation made by Paul F. Godley, leader of the young radio amateurs, "super-regeneration" gives a total amplification of nearly seven hundred thousand times. Armstrong questions this figure; but I think that is because of modesty.

He cannot leave radio alone. He is still at it. He frequently forgets the clock and works all night in a Columbia laboratory. He is perfecting a fourth important invention—and it will not be the last.

## "Dick is a popular champion"

"He has every stroke on the court. And if you want to see the old ball burn, watch him put across his 'bullet serve.'"

Dick loves his bicycle, and he's almost always on it. Says he gets good exercise with the bike, and yet he can coast along with his New Departure a lot of the time, and save up his endurance for the big tennis matches.

\* \* \* \*

In your town—you will find, too, that the live fellows all ride bicycles, and they always make sure they get New Departure—the ideal coaster brake.

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### School or College Accessories

Dearest Betty: Here we are, mother and I, shopping for things for me to take back to school. We'll be back in Hookersville after Labor Day to spend the remaining two weeks of vacation. We are having loads of fun, for the weather is crisp and cool—the main difficulty being that there are such "a number of things" and all of them so tempting that it's hard not to want the things you can't have instead of being "as happy as kings" over the ones you can! These are some of the nicest we saw:

In the luggage department where we got my brief case was this new idea: an "en-



The new luggage "ensemble," a brief case, two more scarves and a pair of gloves

semble" of hatbox and week-end case which comes in gray, green or blue fabrikoid and is lined with cotton sateen. The case is sixteen inches long—\$10.00; the hatbox, sixteen inches in diameter, \$6.00. Quite expensive, to be sure, yet they will last almost forever. I chose this sixteen-inches-long brief case for \$7.25. It's going to be marvelous for books and music or anything else from lunch to gym shoes that I may have to carry around. I took the kind with three pockets and in brown leather. They come with two pockets, too, and in black as well as brown.



Two popular kinds of bedroom slippers, a dainty toilet set and a handkerchief bag

A woolen scarf for cool days, a silk one for best and a pair of gloves were next on the list; so I picked out a two-tone Scotch cashmere scarf in tan and brown tones, which was fifty-four inches long and \$3.95. The crêpe de chine scarf is sixty-three inches long and has hemstitched ends, and the gloves are heavy kidskin, tan, with one clasp, for \$2.00, as was the silk scarf.

By this time I had spent \$15.20, and I only had a five-dollar bill left. Mother thought that twenty dollars should do for everything that I had to have new in the way of "extras" to take for first term. So I completed my purchases by getting one of the \$1.00 flowered cretonne doll handkerchief bags (like the one you got for Marion Webster's birthday present) to hang on my closet door, and a pair of quilted rose-satin bedroom slippers for \$1.75, leaving a little money in my pocketbook for anything unforeseen. While we were getting the slippers we saw these cunning French kidskin mules—they made me think of the little red leather shoes that the cobbler made for the royal princess once upon a time!

On the way out we saw a lovely Copley-design bureau set, which comes in many pretty colors and, like silver, is the kind of thing that would last one's lifetime.

I'm longing to know who wins the Lance Golf tournament—send me a line if you get a minute.

Lovingly,

*Duganne*

## From Girl to Girl

### THE WHIRLWIND FINISH OF OUR FASHION FÊTE

UP to the last minute came the entries hurrying in—little envelopes with little diagrams and snapshots and great big ones with most professional-looking sketches and big-sized snapshots (and in one or two, real photographs). Tall and short, fat and thin, fair and dark girls, Juniors and Seniors, all competing from the cities and towns of every state in the country and Canada with the lovely dresses of silk, of woollens, of cotton that they made themselves and have entered in The Youth's Companion first Fashion Fête!

The air in and around my office was as tense as it might be just before a storm, while each incoming mail brought another stack of more entries—all correctly postmarked not later than August 31. My one hope is that that nothing marked later than that will arrive and have to be tucked away in a too-late file. And now, except for a wait that should take care of possible entries that are speeding in from the Far West or South or from a foreign country, the Judges can begin their work!

*Hazel Grey.*

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Massachusetts

## Reseating Old Chairs

By HARRIET G. BROWN

IT is better for a beginner not to use rushes, or flags, as it requires a great deal of experience to handle them successfully. The best material for a beginner is tobacco cord. The next easiest to work with is fibre cord. The weaving varies slightly according to the shape of the seat. We will first consider one that is about square.

Beginning with the lower left-hand corner, place one end of the cord on top of the rail, allowing the end to extend several inches, as shown at A. Pass the cord under the rail at A, and over at B. This binds the starting end. Pull the cord under the rail at B and carry it directly across to the lower right-hand corner of the chair and over the top at C, round the rail and under at C, over the rail at D, directly across under D and over E, under E and over F, under F directly across and over G, under G and over H, under H directly across and over A, under A and over B.

The same course is repeated each round. Notice the repetition of over, under, over, under, as you weave. The weaving should form a V-shaped line toward the center, on both the upper and the lower side.

Take great pains to hold the cord taut, and have it fit closely where it passes over the rails. Do not allow the strands to overlap. Sometimes it will be necessary to force the strands together. A screw-driver is good for this, or a block of wood and a mallet.

In using fibre do not try to work with too long pieces, as it would be difficult to manage them, especially as the work progresses and the opening becomes smaller. As fibre is made of paper, it must not be left long in water; if dipped in water and allowed to remain only a moment, it will absorb enough water to make it more pliable, and when it dries out it tightens about the frame which makes the work smoother and better.

To splice the cord untwist each of the ends and cut away a slanting piece of each. Overlap these two ends and twist them together.

In order that the seat may be solid and firm and not break near the rails, as the work progresses, it is necessary to stuff the space between the two layers of cord. Old odds and ends of string, no matter how short, may be used, or rushes, or even excelsior. Stuff the bits in loosely. Do not try to see how much you can get in.

If the seat is rectangular, the two smaller sides will be filled in before the two longer ones. Then the weaving is continued over and under across the center of the seat, until it is finished. If the seat is shaped like the one marked with X's, the weaving is more difficult. It is well to wrap an extra bit of the cord or fibre round the rail at X twice before beginning the weaving. Do not force the strands together on the longest side. Let them lie just easily, touching each other. Now and then weave twice round the two front corners, to one weaving at the back. You can easily do this without its showing.

When the weaving is completed, the seat may be finished in several ways:

1. The seat may be given two coats of shellac—orange shellac. This makes a very pretty finish for the brown tobacco cord, but not for the light-colored fibre.

2. A coat of stain may be applied before using the shellac, or a coat of stain and one of varnish. This is good for the fibre seat.

3. The seat may be painted and then varnished.

The shellac or varnish is a great help in keeping a perfectly smooth surface and is a protection against moisture.

After you have become expert in weaving, if you live in the country and would like to do so, you might gather rushes, or cattail flags, as they would then cost you nothing but your time and labor. If you decide to do this, cut the flags, or

rushes, in August or early September; remove the butts, taking care not to break the stems, and dry them in the dark. This aids in retaining some of the natural green. When they are thoroughly dry, they can be stored away in a dark place for use when wanted.

Before working them let them lie for an hour or so in a wet cloth to soften. When they are ready for use, squeeze the air and water out by drawing each leaf between the thumb and first finger. Two or four leaves are generally used for a strand. Twist in the same direction and keep the strands uniform in size. New leaves are introduced at the corners where the coil turns back for a new direction. You may stretch the strands underneath the seat without twisting. If you are fortunate enough to have an old ladder-back chair, it would be interesting to have it reseat with rushes gathered on the home place. The satisfaction of making things is the joy of the craftsman.

Dear Hazel Grey:

Here is the way you make a knotted tassel; you need a board or a strong piece of cardboard on which to make such tassels. Choose a smooth piece five inches wide by fifteen inches long and about a half-inch thick. Measure in two and one-half inches on the short side at the top and bottom and draw a line, thus dividing the board in half lengthwise. Put your ruler on this line and make black dots at one inch, two and a half inches, five inches, seven and a half inches, ten inches and twelve inches. Drive nails through the dots at one and twelve. If you

use cardboard, a stout pin will do. These nails should be driven in firmly, but should protrude an inch or more. The end where the nail is one inch from the edge is the top.

Three balls of number-three crochet cotton will make two tassels. Holding one end of the string by the nail at the lower end, wind around both nails six times. Tie firmly at the bottom nail and cut the string. Wind a piece of the string four times around the board to measure for the knotted. Cut. Find the middle of this string and place it under the six strings at the two-and-one-half-inch dot. Place the left-hand string over the six strings, forming a loop at the left. Place the right-



hand string over the left string, thus forming a figure four. Put the right string under the six strings and up through the loop formed by the left string and pull up tight. This is the over-knot. Put the left-hand string under the six strings, forming a figure four. Put the right string over the six strings and down through the loop. This is the under-knot. Tie these knots alternately until the five-inch mark is reached. Tie only the over-knot from five inches to seven and a half inches. This will form a twist. Tie both knots alternately from seven and a half to ten inches.

For the tassel, wind the string two hundred and fifty times round the bottom of the board. Slip the knotted string off the nails; slip the two hundred and fifty strings gently off the board, and tie them firmly to the knotted piece with the remainder of the knotters.

The cap of the tassel is made with a number-five crochet hook. Make a chain of ten and join in a ring. Put two singles in each of the chain, making twenty singles in all. Put one single in each single for eight rows. Make one row of slip stitch and fasten off. Thread loops at the top of the knotted piece through the hole in the tassel cap. Push the cap firmly over the top of the tassel. It should fit very snugly.

I hope ever so many Youth's Companion girls will make them, for they are really attractive.

Most sincerely yours,  
GLADYS L. FORBUSH

### Questions and Orders

I'LL be glad to shop at Filene's for any of the school accessories for you if you send a check or money order. Can I help with questions about what to take to school or college? Are you puzzled about clothes, luggage, room furnishings, how to budget your spending money so that you will get the most for it, or any of the thousand and one little questions that come up? I've made out a list of suggestions for clothes and accessories that would be good to take, and I'll be glad to send that along, too, if you ask for it. Please don't expect an answer to any questions if you forget to enclose your stamped envelope.

HAZEL GREY



# THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

## When Little Bear Took Catnip to Tommy

By Frances Margaret Fox



**S**ALLY BEAVER invited Little Bear to go for a boat ride on a log. She was swimming up the river to get the log.

"I will call for you in half an hour," said she. "If you are not on the river bank, I cannot wait."

Little Bear ran into the house to tell his mother. His mother said:

"You must first take this

ning down the river on a log. When they sailed by the Three Bears' house, there was Mother Bear sitting on the river bank. She was surprised. She was glad too, because Tommy had his catnip and Little Bear his boat ride.



Little Bear jumped, and soon he and Sally Beaver went spinning down the river on a log

catnip to Tommy Wildcat. He has a pain in his ear. Jay flew to tell Tommy's mother that you are coming. When you get back you may go with Sally."

"It will be too late," wailed Little Bear.

"Hurry," advised Mother Bear. "Take the catnip and run!"

Little Bear did so. He ran and he ran until he came to Tommy's log house.

Tommy was at the gate. He took the catnip and thanked Little Bear. He said it would cure the pain in his ear.

"Now you skip down to the river," he advised Little Bear. "Sally is waiting for you there. Jay made her stay, so you can have a nice long ride. Run!"

Little Bear ran. He called back to Tommy, "I hope your ear will get well fast!"

It did. Catnip cured it.

"Jump on the log," Sally called to Little Bear.

Little Bear jumped, and soon he and Sally Beaver went spin-

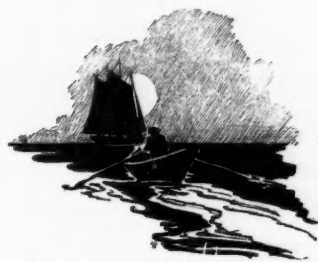
## We're Going Abroad

By Grace Stone Field

Would you like to go a-sailing  
In the Moon-man's silver boat,  
Past a thousand starry islands  
On the blue Sky-sea afloat,

Past the white and silky milky way—  
A reef of coral strand—

To the mountain clouds that tower  
On the edge of Moon-man's Land?



Would you like to catch a comet  
By its fuzzy-wuzzy tail?  
Don't you want to get some star-sand  
With your shovel and your pail?

Well, you'd better wear your sweater,  
'Cause it's cold in Moon-man's Land;  
Take your dolly and the kitten  
And some tiffin in your hand.

If you go, my dearest ducky,  
May I pay my passage too?  
When you're sailing with the Moon-man  
Can't I go along with you?

## GEESE!

By Russell Gordon Carter

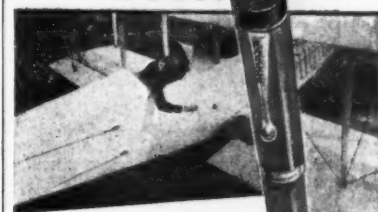
I told my geese to run and play; What shall I do, I thought aloud,  
They stood and quacked at me. To please these geese of mine?  
I said to them, "Why don't you They will not play, they will not  
eat?" speak,  
They quacked again, all three. They will not even dine!

"What do you want to do?" I asked.

They answered, "Oh, alack!  
We may seem silly to you, but—  
We really like to quack!"



## Non-Breakable Barrels Dropped 3000 Feet!



### The Pilot's Letter

June 16, 1926

At 4:10 P. M. yesterday I took off in my Yackey plane from Checker-board Field, with a Parker Over-size Duofold Pen in the cockpit beside me and instructions to drop it from an altitude of 3000 feet.

I circled the field until my altimeter told me I had reached the prescribed height, then I picked up the Parker Duofold and leaning over the side, I let it go.

A few minutes later I made a landing near my starting point. The crowd that had been watching this test swarmed toward me over the field. The pen had landed on hard ground and had been picked up. To my great surprise it had not been damaged in the slightest by its 3000-foot drop.

*W. L. Alderson*  
Signed with the Parker that fell 3000 feet

For a year we kept secret the fact that Parker Duofold is made of "Permanite" until a series of grueling tests proved that it does not break

FOR a year we've been making Parker Duofold Pens and Pencils of a new non-breakable material—lustrous, beautiful, light in weight—called Parker "Permanite."

We've tested these "Permanite" barrels under wheels of buses, on cement floors, from the tops of tall buildings—even from aeroplanes.

This combination—the Parker Non-Breakable Barrel and the Parker Duofold Point—makes the greatest writing instrument the world has ever seen, a point guaranteed for 25 years, not only for mechanical perfection, but wear!

Go pick out your Parker Duofold at any good pen counter.

Parker Duofold Jr. \$5

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN  
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES:  
NEW YORK · CHICAGO · ATLANTA · DALLAS · SAN FRANCISCO ·  
TORONTO, CANADA · LONDON, ENGLAND

**Parker Duofold Jr. \$5**  
With Lucky Curve Fect and 25 Year Point  
Over-size Duofold \$7 Lady Duofold \$5



Courtesy  
HAL ROACH  
"OUR GANG"  
Pathe Comedy

Courtesy  
HAL ROACH  
"OUR GANG"  
Pathe Comedy

## "OUR GANG" PICKS THE *Chas. H.* **Ingersoll Dollar Pen**

HERE they are—Farina, Jackie, Mary, Mickey and Fatty Joe—Movie Stars, so dear to the hearts of millions of young and old alike. Ready for school again—all smiles and all dressed-up with real honest-to-goodness fountain pens that cost only a DOLLAR, but have all the class and writing qualities of other pens that cost from \$2.50 to \$25.00!

"You'd think", said one little girl, "with all the money they earn in the movies, they'd have real expensive pens".

And that's just where a lot of grown-ups make a mistake, too. Just as Mr. Ford turns out an automobile that takes one anywhere a high-priced car will go, so Mr. Ingersoll makes a fountain pen for a DOLLAR that writes as well and lasts as long as the highest priced pens.

That's because Mr. Ingersoll puts a 14 Karat solid gold point with hard iridium tip in all his pens—the same as used in the

costliest pens—and he makes them big and handsome, too, with over double the usual ink capacity; new and reliable easy-to-work stem-winding self-fillers; silvery finished, unbreakable barrels and clips that make them hard to lose.

It's the "Perfect Pen for School", and every other use a fountain pen is put to. Be one of the "Gang" and always carry an Ingersoll Pen.

**Dealers everywhere sell Ingersoll Pens.** There is one near you. Look for the store with the big "Our Gang" window display at school opening time. If your dealer is not supplied we will mail pens postpaid for \$1 each. Specify models wanted—Adult's, Girl's or Boy's.

**Dealers:** Order NOW a supply for the school rush, packed in display cases. Price guaranteed to suit.

**CHAS. H. INGERSOLL DOLLAR PEN CO.**  
185 ASTOR STREET / NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

The Ingersoll Dollar Pen is made and guaranteed by Chas. H. Ingersoll, from 1880 to 1921. Half-owner, Sec'y-Treas. and Gen'l Mgr. of Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., originator, maker and distributor of 75 million Ingersoll watches that Made the Dollar Famous.

Girl's Pen



The One Way to a Durable, Smooth Point

To the fly, the writing paper you think so smooth, looks like this and gives him ample "toe hold".



To the pen point, this surface is a rough, rocky road, filled with grinding abrasives which quickly flatten the ordinary soft points (used in all but a half-dozen high priced pens and the Ingersoll Dollar Pen) soon making them scratchy and useless.

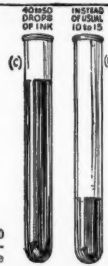


But the Ingersoll Pen with its HARD Iridium Tip, costing \$200 an ounce ground to a perfect ball, rides the bumps as smoothly as balloons. Hard Iridium is almost as hard as a diamond and makes a durable and smooth point. Never buy an unknown pen, no matter how fancy.

### Holds More Ink

The thin unbreakable metal barrel (A) leaves room for a larger ink sac than the thick fragile barrel (B), and the improved stem-winder self-filler (A) fills the sac more completely by squeezing out all the air so it can be sucked entirely full of ink. Just two turns does it! Ordinary lever devices only partially fill a much smaller sac in other pens. (B).

The result is from 40 to 50 drops of ink (C) in the Ingersoll Dollar Pen, instead of the usual 10 to 15 drops. (D)



Boy's Pen